

Now Is the Time . . . *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 9, 1967, 35 cents

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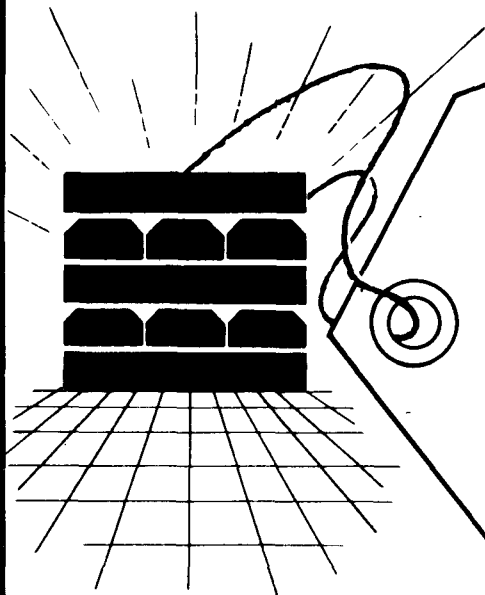
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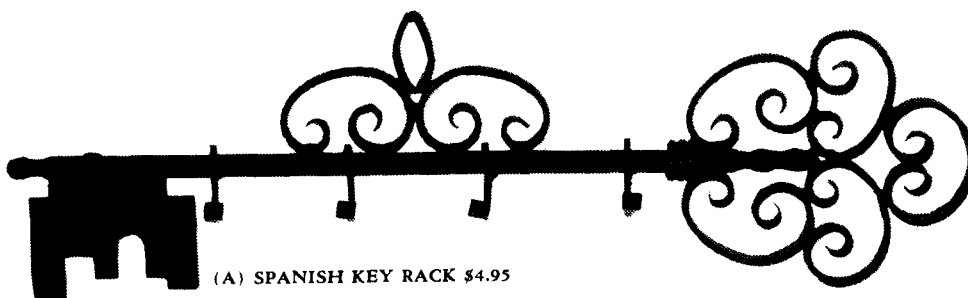
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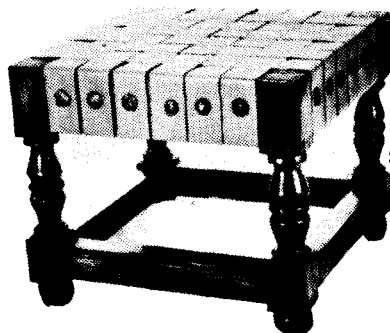
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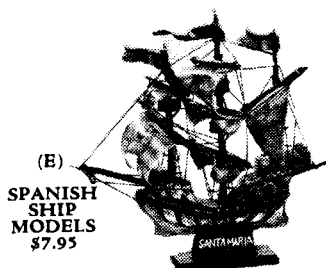
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Exit McNamara

★ The scariest explanation of why Robert McNamara is quitting was suggested – and promptly disavowed – by the *Washington Star* in an editorial the day after the story broke. The *Star* said that some persons feared that he was “getting out in advance of some major escalation of the war – an escalation which he cannot bring himself to support.” Without much conviction, the *Star* said it could not believe any such thing.

When the two surviving Generals of the Army, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Omar N. Bradley, said on television the next night that the United States ought to consider an “end run” around the Demilitarized Zone into North Vietnam and “hot pursuit” into Cambodia and Laos, there was talk that McNamara was quitting in a dispute over an invasion plan to carry the ground war beyond South Vietnam’s borders. The official story is that McNamara deserves a rest. No one could deny that he does, after nearly seven years of 12-to-16-hour days and six-or-seven-day weeks in the biggest management job in the world.

Both of these leave out what is probably the main point – that McNamara, like many of us but with far more reason than most of us, has become sick of the Vietnam war. This is more than speculation. In private conversations more than a year ago, he indicated that he rather abruptly had lost the old optimism that had led him to report every few months that there was a new feeling of confidence in Vietnam and the victory was just around the corner.

In place of optimism, so this reporter was told, McNamara had reached the

painful conclusion that we were bogged down in a war without an end. He would not agree to extreme escalation such as bombing the dikes or the destruction of Hanoi and Haiphong. But he had come to believe that the strategy of gradually increasing military pressure in the North and South either could never bring victory or else, if it could, would take forever.

If the contrived optimism of the recent whirlwind of speeches and briefings by General Westmoreland, Ambassador Bunker and Deputy Ambassador Komer rekindled any of McNamara’s old hopefulness, he was mighty quiet about it. He left the floor to the visitors, already doubtlessly thinking of his own exit.

It’s too bad he’s going, we think, but not for the reasons usually given. He has been a restraining influence on the upward course of the war, as when he argued target-by-target against the most recent extension of the bombing. What’s more important for the long-run survival, he argued eloquently and publicly against the drive for a full-scale anti-ballistic missile system. On the positive side, he was a main force in pushing the limited test-ban past a suspicious Senate and an unwilling military establishment.

The President, who is a man of great caution, valued McNamara as an offset to the warhawks within his Administration. But from outside the Administration, the view is different. Escalation has been slowed and delayed, but it hasn’t been stopped. McNamara has either been overruled or has given ground on the bombing, the troop buildup and even on the small (or anti-Chinese) anti-ballistic missile system. McNamara doesn’t deserve his reputation as a “dove.” Some of his colleagues say that he joined the rest in a unanimous decision each time there was a new intensification of the war. They come close to calling him two-faced.

McNamara has performed another service for Johnson. He has been a lightning rod or a heat shield, protecting the President against the superhawks. Vietnam has been “McNamara’s war” to those who wanted it bigger as well as to those who wanted it littler. With McNamara gone, it will be Johnson’s war. The super-hawks are

by far the most formidable critics, and the question is how much of their heat can LBJ take without his heat shield.

Anyone who could really manage the Pentagon and get the generals and admirals into line as successfully as McNamara did must have our respect and best wishes as he prepares to go on to the World Bank job. It’s a big one, especially if Mr. Johnson follows through with a plan he mentioned last September to transfer all US aid to developing nations to the Bank and other multilateral agencies.

But it’s sad, too, that the man who did the most in planning the Vietnam war, and probably knows the most about it now, doesn’t speak plainly on leaving.

We were looking through a file of those cheerful predictions he made in the years before he soured on the war (if that’s what really did happen). There was that beautiful line overheard after a briefing by Ambassador Maxwell Taylor in December 1964. Reporters trooping in for a press conference overheard McNamara say to the President: “It should be impossible for Max to talk to these people without leaving the impression the situation is going to hell.” The conference was cancelled.

Another burst of candor now would be useful. If McNamara really does think the war is another Edsel, it would be good to hear him say so and recommend that it be junked.

Advice to McCarthy

★ As Sen. Eugene McCarthy gets started with his challenge to President Johnson for the Democratic nomination, we have one word of advice for him. It concerns the student activists, who have been hounding off the campuses the recruiters for Dow Chemical, the CIA, and the armed forces. The activists may be right in their objectives. Dow, for example, when it says that only one-half of one percent of its efforts goes into making napalm, makes about as much sense as a murderer who said only one-half of one percent of his day was spent killing the victim. But mob action to interfere with the speech and movements of others is something else. We hope McCarthy will do his bit in helping keep our universities as forums for free speech, thought, and discussion.

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Now Is the Time

It is possible to run for President without admitting it, just as it is possible to fight wars without declaring them, but that option was not open for Eugene McCarthy; his intentions have to be widely advertised if he is to get anywhere. Incumbent Presidents *have* been denied nomination for a second term (John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Chester Alan Arthur and Andrew Johnson), but the last time was eighty-three years ago. Voters have since grown accustomed to the notion that an incumbent President can have the renomination for the asking. There is no reason why this should be so; under our Constitution a President has only a four-year contract with the people. But so strong is habit and so great the power of the modern Presidency, that anyone who acts as if renomination were not an incumbent's by right, and who has the temerity to insist that his party be offered a real choice among candidates, is put down as a Don Quixote. That's McCarthy's starting handicap. He must overcome it and then fight every inch of the rest of the way.

That is what Gene McCarthy, by his formal announcement last week and his speech two days later in Chicago, committed himself to doing. His act breathes life into a campaign year that otherwise promised to be, to use the vogueish term, "irrelevant." It restores wit and style to political discourse. Now we can be reasonably sure that vital questions about the national security and welfare will be discussed, and, on Senator McCarthy's part at least, discussed intelligently. That's a gain for the country - and a credit to the Democrats. It was Senator Robert Kennedy who said that "when we sign up for the Democratic Party, we don't say that we're never going to disagree," adding that "there is much to disagree about."

It was unimaginable that the growing Democratic mistrust of Lyndon Johnson's leadership would go unrepresented up to and through the national convention. The root of that mistrust is, of course, the Administration's \$30 billion a year war in Asia - a miscalculation of such enormity and of such consequence to the moral standing, the self-confidence and the physical well-being of the United States, that it could not go unrebuked and unchallenged within the Democratic Party. Someone had to offer an alternative in the flesh.

Unless one gives up altogether on the Democratic Party for the next four years, as Walter Lippmann seems to have done by his endorsement of Nelson Rockefeller, the retirement of Lyndon Johnson, at the end of next year is not merely desirable but essential,

and on two counts: the mark of defeat is on him; more important, the Democratic Party owes it to itself and to the country to stand as the champion of peace abroad and vigorous reform at home. In this instance, partisan self-interest and public duty coincide.

What will the party do about Eugene McCarthy?

Its national officers will cut him down wherever they can. The Senator seems undismayed. "I'd rather have one Congressman for me," he said last Thursday, "than the whole Democratic National Committee."

Most Democratic officeholders, whatever their feelings about Vietnam or Johnson, will look for cover, hoping not to get caught in the intra-party crossfire. Later, some of them will come out of their foxholes having been shamed into emerging, or having decided they can defy the party managers and survive politically. A primary victory or two by McCarthy will encourage others to do as Zolton A. Ferency did last week. He resigned after five years as the Democratic leader in Michigan and plans to help McCarthy in a precinct-by-precinct fight for delegates. He believes that "if we're going to separate ourselves clearly from the Republicans, we're going to have to do it with forward-looking positions."

The Johnson team is losing players, as it is losing

popular favor. Secretary McNamara's resignation can be read as one sign of that. So can the resignation of Assistant Secretary of State Charles Frankel, and the announcement last week by Congressman Don Edwards of California that he will back McCarthy. A Democratic county committee chairman in Michigan has written John Bailey, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to say: "You indicated in your letter to me that 'we Democrats know who our candidate is going to be - Lyndon B. Johnson.' I'm curious as to who the source is of this revelation, but I must inform you that a substantial number of Democrats are listening to a different drummer."

What effect McCarthy's campaign will have on the President, on Robert Kennedy, and on Republican chances in general are questions on which only the most speculative comment is prudent. Mr. Johnson cannot ignore the challenge, for McCarthy insists on a "personal confrontation" and will have it, whether or not the President allows his name to appear on the ballot in primary contests in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, California, Nebraska and Oregon - all of which McCarthy will probably enter. Mr. Johnson will have to defend himself not against the usual partisan scoldings, but against criticism from a fellow-Democrat who has worked alongside the President in the past, and who endorses much of Johnson's domestic program (though not its recent dismemberment). Since Johnson would apparently rather fight than switch on Vietnam, he ensures a fight within the Party.

Senator Kennedy too must react. He may be tempted for a while to think that by keeping aloof, he himself might emerge as the candidate of a divided Democratic convention in '68 - as indeed he might - and that the prize would be worth the taking. But the pressures from many of his fans to speak out will be strong. He already has had to shift from firm support for Lyndon Johnson in '68 to a seat on the fence: now he says he will back the candidate picked by the convention; but he is "going to discuss the issues"; he welcomes McCarthy's entrance as "healthy"; but he will "remain out of it." Kennedy's doubts about our wasting entrapment in Vietnam are deep; his popularity among antiwar younger voters is high. Both these considerations militate against his remaining out of it.

Will McCarthy's intervention help the Republicans? Nothing can help them if they again, by nominating a hawk or a hack, choose not to help themselves. Whatever they do, however, McCarthy's challenge may give them an anxious moment. For it raises the possibility of a Democratic opponent other than LBJ. And it is Johnson's nomination, with its inevitable spin-off of millions of disgruntled Democrats staying home or bolting their party next November, which has been the GOP's best hope.



Crystal ball

1950 Revisited

In the White House

Just after the peace march on the Pentagon in October, six Republican congressmen went to the White House for a hush-hush briefing. They included the House minority leader, Gerald Ford of Michigan, who now says that President Johnson read to them a top-secret report which asserted that the march was planned and directed from Hanoi, which of course is what the Administration also alleges about the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam. Ford was naturally upset by the revelation that scores of thousands of Americans who took part in the demonstration were stooging for a communist foreign government, with which this country is at war. The agitated Ford blurted at Mr. Johnson, "Why are you sitting on this?" He requested a copy of the secret report and on October 26, five days after the peace march, got a memorandum from Walt W. Rostow, the President's national security assistant, who'd been at the meeting between the President and the six Republicans.

But the Rostow memo bore no resemblance to the President's secret report. The memo consisted only of excerpts from Hanoi radio broadcasts, praising the peace march. Ford says he called Rostow, who told him the secret report was now in the Justice Department. Ford called the Attorney General. Ramsey Clark went to see Ford but instead of producing a copy of the secret report, begged Ford to keep mum. Clark is supposed to have told Ford that ventilating the report would "compromise our sources." Also, the American public might "misunderstand" and react with a "new wave of McCarthyism." Ford says he told Clark he believed "the American public are now mature enough to receive such information without reacting hysterically," but he still wasn't allowed a copy of the report. He stayed mum until the House majority leader, Carl Albert (D, Okla.), announced in a speech in Atlanta that the peace march was "organized by international communism." That unsealed Ford.

But when reporters tackled Albert, it turned out Albert had just been reading the newspapers. He said he had "no inside dope" from the President or from anyone else. From "press reports" of the peace march, "it looked to me that it was inspired in Hanoi." No newspaper had said any such thing. "Administration sources" then gave the *Washington Post* supporting evidence for what they carefully called "the President's private assertion of communist planning in the march." The evidence was that the march's leader, David Dellinger, visited Hanoi late last year and again this year. The sources also pointed out to the *Post* that there had

been peace demonstrations in "other world capitals" on October 21; further evidence, apparently, of a communist conspiracy. However, when the *Post* asked Cliff Sessions, the director of public information for the Justice Department, what real evidence the Administration had that the march on the Pentagon was planned in Hanoi, Sessions said flatly: "The answer to that is 'none'." No one any longer cared to even mention the highly elusive secret report the President had read to the Republicans. The *Post* turned up an Administration official who understandably asked to stay anonymous, but who had dealt with Dellinger and the other march leaders and who supplied the sad clincher. "During the pre-march planning sessions, word came from the White House to portray the march and its leadership as ultra-left-wing radicals who did not represent any significant group or feeling in the United States."

... and in Congress

Since, despite "secret reports" from the White House, there don't seem to be enough admitted communists in the USA to keep the Subversive Activities Control Board busy, the House last week decided something had to be done. But instead of abolishing the SACB, as has been suggested, it in effect voted that there should be more communists, so that there can be more to control. The vote was on the so-called Willis bill, an amendment to the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950, the law requiring communists and front organizations to register with the government.

The Supreme Court long ago ruled that requiring self-registration by communists amounts to self-incrimination and is therefore unconstitutional. Without registration provided for by the McCarran Act, the SACB has had nothing to do but twiddle its thumbs. Since various congressmen and President Johnson have acquaintances on the board (Johnson's former secretary's husband) – all of them drawing down a salary – some way had to be found to save the board. If communists cannot be compelled to register themselves, reasoned HUAC Chairman Edwin E. Willis, then the government should have the authority to *declare* individuals communist. That is what his amendment does.

Under the McCarran Act a communist front is defined as any organization "substantially directed, dominated or controlled" by a "communist action organization." The Willis bill, passed November 28 by a House vote of 269-104, changes the definition to direction, domination or control by "one or more members of a communist action organization." It has thus been suggested, only somewhat in jest, that the UN General Assembly, having as it does a Rumanian president,

would qualify for scrutiny, and that the United Nations itself could be deemed a communist-front organization – a revelation known all along to the Birchers.

The SACB under the Willis bill would hold hearings and declare individuals to be members of a front and publish their names in a formal roster of communists. Organizations so labeled could not raise funds without mentioning the fact in their appeal literature. Persons could be called communists, even if they had been absent from hearings. SACB could list organizations that no longer exist. Anyone who appeared before the board and “misbehaved” or comported himself in such a way “so near thereto as to obstruct” could be fined \$5,000. Misbehavior and obstruction are left undefined.

The McCarran Act was passed over Harry Truman’s veto. The Willis amendment, similar but somewhat more virulent than a bill introduced by Senator Dirksen and passed by the Senate, will now go to conference. Dirksen has claimed LBJ’s support for his version, although the President hasn’t shown his hand.

The Sad Young Men

The typical graduate student next fall will be a girl, who will have enough money to pay her own way since she won’t be able to get a Woodrow Wilson fellowship or a Fulbright or an NDEA, NASA or NSF grant. She will do research but without financial support from the federal government. Her male friends will be older and veterans.

The primary reason for this projection is the war and its attendant trials – the draft and federal cost-cutting. Graduate school deferments, except for medical, dental and other students in crucial areas yet undefined, are scheduled to end next fall when the new draft law is fully implemented. For the most part the only people left in graduate programs will be those the draft doesn’t want – females, misfits, veterans and men past draft age.

Because education for the moment has few stout defenders in Congress, cuts in domestic programs to accommodate the war are being made in federally supported research and fellowship programs. Philip H. Abelson, editor of *Science*, predicts that in fiscal 1968 new fellowships and traineeships will be down to 10,500 from 15,000 in 1966. There were 3,635 National Science Foundation fellowships in 1966; there will be only 2,600 in 1968. National Defense Education Act fellowships will be down to 3,325, from 6,000. National Aeronautics and Space Administration traineeships will drop from 1,335 to 75. Fulbright scholarships are expected to decline in number, and some private financial support is drying up. (The Ford Foundation didn’t come across with its usual largesse

this year, so the Woodrow Wilson fellowship will award only 150 \$2,000 grants for next fall where there were more than 1,000 this year.) Similarly National Science Foundation figures indicate a decline in federally supported university research.

The most disturbing portents for graduate education are the effects of the draft. For political reasons, President Johnson ignored the recommendations of the commission he had appointed, headed by Burke Marshall, to eliminate student deferments altogether. Congress, without any strong leadership from the President, enacted a law which preserves undergraduate deferments but denies them to grad students except in medicine, dentistry and “other endeavors found to be necessary to the maintenance of the national health, safety or interest.” The National Security Council is authorized to say what these “other endeavors” are. It *could* perpetuate the old, long Labor Department list of deferable occupations, making them applicable to students in these areas. But unless this happens or unless LBJ extends the moratorium on drafting graduate students which he declared this year (or unless Congress makes another try at drafting a workable draft law) graduate schools will lose their male enrollees in large numbers. Betty Vetter, executive director of the Scientific Manpower Commission in Washington, estimates that next spring 226,000 new college graduates and graduate students will become vulnerable to the draft. Under the current oldest-first order of call, all of those examined and found fit would be drafted within a year.

Perhaps some advantages can be found in adversity. Students who demonstrate against the war may no longer have to rationalize their National Defense grants, since they won’t have them any more. Draft resistance among graduate students, heretofore rather academic, will take on new meaning.

But these are all negative. At some point there will have to be another overhaul of the draft, elimination of all deferments based on class, money and education, the replacement of autonomous local boards with some central authority. Finally, General Hershey and his punitive, arbitrary and archaic practices will have to be got rid of.

Philippine Elections

Between 60 and 100 people lost their lives in last month’s voting in the Philippines for eight senators, 65 provincial governors and 14,000 mayors and other local officials. Filipino politicians acquire a large fanatical following of relatives, cronies and bodyguards, who know their man will look after them if he wins, so they do their utmost to take care of his opponents.

The elections proved little. They were a victory for both President Marcos and his chief rival, Benigno S. Aquino. Six Marcos men won Senate seats, as did Mrs. Magnolia Antonio, running as an independent but claimed by Marcos as an ally. Marcos strengthened his position in the Senate, where big landowners have blocked or diluted his reform programs. But Aquino won the eighth Senate seat and will probably try to wrest the Presidency from Marcos in 1969, when Marcos will be 51 and Aquino 37. Marcos already controls the 150-member House of Representatives and says he'll now be able to carry out his pledge to make all of central Luzon a land reform area by 1970. This is where the Huks (*Hukbong Mapagpalaya Nag Bayan*, or People's Liberation Army) are active again (NR September 9, 1967.)

Marcos has city problems too. Unemployment in the towns is 13 percent, the gap between rich and poor is growing. Marcos proposes providing jobs by offering foreign investors tax-free industrial parks. But the reelected mayor of Manila, Antonio Villegas, owes his popularity to his attacks on American firms and his campaign to "filipinize" trade. There is considerable criticism of Marcos for sending to Vietnam 2,500 Filipino roadbuilders, who cost the taxpayers \$8.5 million a year. This and the overpowering role of American business in the economy are both minuses for Marcos.

Can Harold Wilson Make It Work?

London

In the end Labour devalued the pound because it was for them the easy way out. The alternative of another massive loan could, they calculated, be had only on even more stringent terms than attaches to the \$1.4-billion credit from the IMF. The fact that devaluation was economically right, as it has been for some time, remained a secondary consideration. The Chancellor and the Prime Minister moved when their instincts for political survival were aroused. And politically the *volte-face* has worked like a charm – so far. The Labour Party has put on a magnificent show of unity. The public is slower to show its gratitude, but the Labour ranks are satisfied that once the dust has settled and the economic benefits begin to show, it will. With luck, just in time for the 1970 election.

Certainly the new rate gives Labour a chance to save itself. The best guess is that the competitive edge will enable the country to right its balance of payments, pay

off debts and still have a bit left over to add to the reserves. The devaluation premium will not be anything like the full 14.3 percent; higher company tax, the end of export rebates and other benefits, and the higher cost of the import component of exports will knock the real value of devaluation to the British exporter down to around seven percent. But with hardly any major industrial countries likely to follow Britain's lead, this should be enough to provide a turnaround in the payments balance of £500 million a year, which is what the government is looking for. It will be enough, that is, if the domestic deflationary program is sufficiently tough to get the goods diverted into export at a competitive rate, and it is the implications of this proviso which more than anything will shortly wipe the grin off Labour faces.

The announced deflationary program hardly looks tough enough. Bank rate is at eight percent, but few expect it to stay there for long; bank credit is to be restricted, but this is acknowledged to be a blunt and inadequate instrument. Other measures announced make instalment buying for cars more expensive, and cut public and defense spending on paper by £100-million apiece, all in all taking £250 million out of demand. The government expects another £400 million to £500 million to come out as domestic prices increase as a result of devaluation, and that should do the trick. On paper perhaps; but hard-nosed economists are unimpressed on several scores.

The cuts in government spending do not stand up well to close scrutiny. The defense cuts, for instance, include the phasing out of the aircraft carrier *Victorious* which was due for refit prior to standby duties off the coast of South Arabia; but the plan for a carrier task force with this role was abandoned before devaluation, and with it the case for a refit. So this is a cut that it is hard to take seriously, especially as the crew still has to be paid. In addition, about half of the supposed £100 million is simple rephrasing of spending programs; the charge will still come, but a year later. The real cuts – not ordering 15 Chanook helicopters and eight Buccaneer bombers, and not building the staging post at Aldabra in the Indian Ocean are perhaps worth £20 million, and against that must be set additional post-devaluation costs for overseas troops and arms purchases of perhaps £60 million. On balance the defense cuts add up to additional spending. Similar doubts exist over the plan to lop £100 million off home spending, especially as the Prime Minister has pledged that essential programs will go forward.

More worrying is the timidity the government is showing on the wages and prices front. The Prime Minister in his address to the nation played down the rise in prices that must follow increased import charges. He made a point too of warning industrialists

of putting up prices that could not be strictly justified in terms of increased import costs. That, he said, "our people will not stand for." But while industry will have to work hard to pass on the cost of devaluation, the trade unions have been getting the kid-glove treatment over wages. There will be no return to a wage freeze. The labor unions are meant to administer their own "voluntary" wage policy, allowing increases only to the lowest paid or to those who step up their productivity. The Trades Union Congress has said it will try to oblige, but past experience casts doubt on the labor union leaders' ability to hold the line. Several substantial wage claims are waiting in the wings, and several left-wing union leaders are eager to press them. Employers fear that the dam will burst, that the wage element in their costs will make off with the benefits of devaluation, and that the opportunity will be frittered away. The unions for their part will point out – some are already pointing out – that it was not they or their members who made a quick speculative killing in the weeks before devaluation. The smart money men – whom they equate with industry generally – took a tidy profit; why then should the unions be expected to hold back yet again?

The elements of a botched devaluation are all at hand, and for that the government has only itself to blame. It was the government after all which rejected devaluation for three years, rejected it when it would have been easier to carry through. Politically the best chance was October 1964, when Labour was returned. The parliamentary majority was extremely small, but the devaluation then, and only then, could have been pinned on the Tories. As it was, Labour pinned its faith to the pound. The government's line now is that an October 1964 devaluation would not have worked because the economy was overheated. That only means that the government would have had to take the measures it eventually got around to taking in July 1966. What stopped it in October '64 was straight fright at being dubbed the party that devalued thrice. Now they are so dubbed, having spent three years trying to avoid it.

Behind Labour's apparently united front, ministerial reputations have taken a tremendous battering, none more so than Harold Wilson's. It has been open Tory tactics to pin the blame for devaluation on the Prime Minister, and for once the Tories are having some success. But what provided the fuel for a deep cabinet crisis, which could call in question the position of the Prime Minister himself, was the help the Tories were getting from the friends and relations of the former Chancellor, now Home Secretary, James Callaghan.

For some time Wilson had had reason to be wary of his Chancellor of the Exchequer. In July 1966 the story went the rounds that if it came to a coalition the

Tories might serve under Callaghan, and that Callaghan for his part might not be reluctant. Now all talk of a coalition is off – the Tories think they are in too good a position for that – but they did their best to see that the former Chancellor came through devaluation unscathed. They listened to him with some respect, and he replied with speeches of some moral tone, whereas with the Prime Minister parliamentary cross fire is just plain bitchy. The impression gets about that Callaghan is an honorable man, in the past perhaps misguided but first to admit his mistakes, a man of integrity. The fire is concentrated on Harold Wilson. It becomes known that twice in the past three years the Prime Minister rejected official advice to devalue, and banned all further discussion of the matter. The former Chancellor was just doing his duty, and doing it well.

Wilson for the first time must know he now has to tread warily, and yet firmly. His instinct will still be to avoid trouble; but the logic of the economic situation is that trouble of the sort he likes least – party trouble – cannot be staved off forever. The devaluation must be made to work, and for it to work, the left and the unions have to take their medicine. All the signs point to another tough budget next April, with major rows on defense and wages to follow. That budget will be brought in by a new Chancellor; but if Wilson persists with his present personal command of the economy not only will he be identified with the tough budget, but that very identification will prompt most people to look hard for a scapegoat – and find one in him. It would suit the Prime Minister, therefore, to back out of his economic role into 10 Downing Street to nurse his wounds, and leave it to the new Chancellor to build up the new policy. The probability is that the incoming Chancellor – Roy Jenkins who simply switched ministries with Callaghan – would prefer the Prime Minister to do just that. At any rate, the further government reconstruction that Christmas may bring, must this time be seen to change the look of the cabinet, and throw new men into prominence.

The one major achievement that devaluation might have brought nearer is entry into the Common Market. But not even the most ardent marketeer can have gained much hope. De Gaulle gave the idea another kick in the shins last week. If anything, devaluation makes Britain an even less welcome candidate for the Common Market. The French banked on pinning Britain down with a crippling loan, not on a Britain that was more competitive. Few in government circles now believe that Britain can do more than keep knocking on the door. If prospects brighten it will be because of pressures on de Gaulle from within France, or within the other Five, not direct from Britain, and there is no great confidence that these pressures will be sufficient.

BRIAN WENHAM

From the Pentagon

(But Don't Tell Anyone I Told You)

The *Washington Post* has blown the whistle on an old Pentagon press custom—private off-the-record dinner briefings with top Defense Department officials and visiting firemen, in this case Gen. William C. Westmoreland. George C. Wilson, the *Post's* regular correspondent at the Pentagon, told how Westmoreland went to dinner November 17 at the home of Charles W. Corddry, Pentagon reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*. The guests included newsmen from the *AP*, *UPI*, *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Washington Star*, *Wall Street Journal* and *Los Angeles Times*.

Wilson, who doesn't always toe the Pentagon line, wasn't on the guest list. That's why the *Post* had to use a wire service story in its November 24 editions, telling that, "certain US officials are deeply concerned" that the Cambodian port of Sihanoukville on the Gulf of Siam may become a source of arms and ammunition for the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops in South Vietnam. The wire story also reported that these unnamed officials had ordered contingency plans drawn up for the quarantine of the neutral port. The press, it appears, was told not to print the information until the four-star general left town. To further obscure the source, newsmen were to attribute it only to military officials.

The *Post* did not say that such meetings have been commonplace for years, initiated, some say, by the *Baltimore Sun's* Mark Watson, dean of the Pentagon press corps until his death in 1966. Newsmen gather regularly with officials from McNamara on down to get the inside dope—off the record. Most Pentagon correspondents, for example, knew early last year that bases in Thailand were being used for bomber flights over Vietnam, but had been told so on a background basis and could not write the story even after it became an open secret. Shortly after the US was first accused of bombing civilian homes in Hanoi (Dec. 13-14), a small group of newsmen met privately with a top Pentagon official who asked for help in writing a statement of denial that turned out to be untrue. The reporters, except for Wilson and a few others, cooperated. At one time, there were two separate dinner groups operating among the dozen or so regulars at the Pentagon, one headed by Corddry and another by Fred S. Hoffman, the *AP* correspondent, with each

competing to get star attractions. A truce was apparently reached for the Westmoreland affair, which I understand was arranged by Phil G. Goulding, assistant secretary of defense for public affairs, and one of his military aides.

According to the *Post*, "newsmen were told at the session that the former ambassador [to Saigon] Henry Cabot Lodge had been briefed by military officials on their concern over Cambodian supply routes." But Lodge and the State Department did little to encourage military hopes for a quarantine in the Gulf of Siam, so Westmoreland took his case to the public—through the back door. During the dinner, the general mentioned that there was no firm intelligence proving that military supplies were now moving through Sihanoukville to the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong, but he added that his intuition was that the port's importance would increase as the stepped-up bombing of North Vietnam cut down supply shipments to the South. (On November 28, however, Tillman Durdin, correspondent for *The New York Times*, reported that the International Control Commission had noted no movement of military supplies through Cambodia as of mid-November. "Informed observers," he wrote, "are skeptical of contentions in Saigon that a route from Southern Laos into Cambodia, called the Sihanouk Trail, is an important military supply channel for the Viet Cong." Nevertheless, on the following day General Eisenhower made his contribution to softening up public opinion for a violation of a neutral's territory. Talking about "hot pursuit," he said, "you can overdo . . . this respecting of boundary lines on a map.") It is believed the route carries a limited traffic, mainly in consumer goods.

It was agreed among the reporters at the dinner that they would publish the Westmoreland information Nov. 24. There seems to have also been some agreement as to how and what would be said. Many of the dispatches were similarly phrased.

The New York Times—"Some American military leaders in Saigon and Washington are concerned about reports that major ammunition shipments are reaching North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces by sea through Cambodia. A staff study has been ordered on the value and implications of a quarantine of the Cambodian coastline."

The Washington Star—"Some US military leaders are concerned that Cambodia may become a major supply route for communist forces in South Vietnam. Contingency plans for a quarantine of Cambodia have been drawn up."

The Associated Press—"Certain US military officials are deeply concerned that the Cambodian port of Sihanoukville may become a major inlet of arms and ammunition for communist forces fighting in South Vietnam. . . . There have been military studies look-

ing to the possibility of a quarantine—in effect, a blockade—of Sihanoukville. . . .”

Inspired stories are nothing new, but under Goulding they seem to become especially inspired. Thus, a general's “intuition” gets blown up into a hard, front-page “news” account. Goulding is a former Pentagon correspondent for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, who moved up to become McNamara's chief press agent when Arthur Sylvester resigned last January. He's famous among the press corps for his explanation of a series of contradictory statements issued during the Arab-Israeli war last June. After the Israeli attack on the *USS Liberty*, Goulding issued a statement suggesting that the US was accepting an Israeli apology. A day later came another statement, sharply pointing out that the Pentagon did not consider such an attack “plausible.” Asked about the contradiction hours later, Goulding said he had used the word “plausible” in its archaic sense, that is, something to be applauded.

Goulding's two top aides are former Pentagon correspondents, Richard Fryklund of the *Washington Star*, and Daniel Z. Henkin of the *Armed Forces Journal*. They work in the classic manner: play ball or miss your story. George Wilson learned of the Westmoreland briefings on Cambodia when his office called him at home to check out the AP version. Where had George gone wrong? A good guess would be in the annual Freedom of Information report put out recently by a Sigma Delta Chi (the journalism fraternity) committee. It included a long signed statement from Wilson (most complaining reporters chose to remain anonymous), who told of how, on one occasion, he was asked (and agreed) to withhold a story by Pentagon officials, for what Wilson considered valid national security reasons. The story was released subsequently by the White House, prompting Wilson's remark that if “the government in the military field is going to take onto itself some extra privilege and say ‘You can't write that because it will help the enemy,’ I think that that extra privilege brings with it some extra responsibility for frankness.” He then cited a number of cases where such frankness was lacking. For example, the McNamara contention that billions of dollars has been saved on ammunition: “When that statement was first made and put out for public consumption, it was portrayed as a billion-dollar saving because we planned this war so well . . . it sounded great, got good headlines, but when you dug into it, the fact came out that (a) it was really just estimated savings, (b) not a single contract was cancelled—it was just that we thought we were going to use x amount of ammunition six months from now when we revised our estimate downward, and therefore we saved a billion dollars.”

Ironically, even reporters who play good soldier

don't get gold stars. In a *Saturday Evening Post* article last month, Arthur Sylvester discussed his days as caretaker of the Pentagon press. “I don't know a newsman who has served the government as an information officer in the Pentagon who hasn't been dismayed at the evidence of shabby performance by what he used to think of with pride as his profession,” he wrote. “Every sophisticated newsman knows the federal government puts its best, not its worst, foot forward. . . . It is his function to penetrate this protective coloration behind which all men attempt to mask their errors. If there is a credibility gap,” Sylvester said, “it measures the failure of newsmen to do their job.”

Sylvester added: “For six years I watched cover stories go down smooth as cream when I thought they would cause a frightful gargle.”

SEYMOUR M. HERSH

Princeton Weekend With the SDS

At Princeton two weeks ago, over 400 members of Students for a Democratic Society from the New York-New Jersey area spent some hours together defining the enemy and discussing ways to defeat him. Most of the participants were in their early twenties. All are veterans of street and campus protest, and many have been arrested. Three are under indictment for inciting to riot. Most campus anti-war and anti-draft demonstrations in the Northeast in the past two years have been SDS controlled.

The “professionals” (usually Marxist or socialist) argued with the “left-wing adventurers” (anarchists and nihilists). A leader of the Columbia University chapter, evaluating a demonstration against Secretary Rusk in New York last November 14, attacked the “adventurists” thus: “Our weakness is in discipline. On the fourteenth we were to act as a group, organized with its own monitors to direct traffic and get at the limousines coming to the Hilton. It failed. We were to avoid the cops and we confronted them. We were to stop only certain cars and we stopped all traffic. What we have to fight today, here, is the left-wing adventurers. They want to get the cop now, Rusk now, Johnson now. Out of 180 in my chapter, 10 are left-wing adventurers. And they are leading us blindly into December 4 [a scheduled anti-draft protest at the armed forces induction center on Whitehall Street in New York City]. Idealists! Dreamers! They lead us to disaster.”

The Whitehall demonstration would be impractical,

he thought: the streets around Whitehall are too narrow; they allow the police to easily corner and attack the demonstrators, who are defenseless with no place to run; they give the police a greater latitude of choice, because the press and spectators can be controlled.

To this, another New York leader, an anarchist, replied: "Sure the damn streets are narrow. But narrow streets demand new tactics. Throw grease on the streets. They [the police] will try to ride down the streets and club us. Those bastards from the Staten Island Ferry – the cops will let the fascist pigs fight us. They'll pour out of the subways once it starts. We'll burn. But we'll burn the streets first. We'll be hit but we'll hit the cops first." Here someone shouted, "Knock down Whitehall, like the Bastille!" He got a laugh, but the anarchist, taking him seriously, answered, "You can't. It's like a fortress, literally. But it's the best possible fortress because of what it stands for. It will be bloody but blood makes the liberals mad. And we've got to make them mad."

They went on to discuss the point of their tactics. A young girl from New Jersey gave her opinion: "The role of students in this stage of the revolutionary movement is to plant seeds, to create alternatives. Make people disassociate themselves from a government that makes war. Americans have been brought up to believe that this is the great white, liberal democracy, the Place, Heaven. We've got to make them see how bad the government is in order to make them resist. The polarity must be between the government and the people, not between the people themselves. We are wrong to focus their hatred against Johnson, to personalize it. It must be directed against the system, the government itself, against the idea of government. People must be made to understand that the government and the people represent two different Americas. They must learn to distrust all institutions. All tactics are symbolic now. All gains symbolic. Disruption is needed."

The girl's position was supported by a young man from New York's City College: "We aren't making resistance but disruption. Rebellion is premature. Tuesday [Nov. 14] was an attempt to disrupt the ruling class. Nowhere should they be allowed to meet in peace." But because he did not think that the protest at Whitehall would be effective, he too opposed it.

At this juncture a student from Rutgers yelled, "I'm a nihilist! I'm proud of it, proud of it! I want to fuck this goddam country. Destroy it! No hope, not in 50 years. Tactics? It's too late. You're dreamers. . . . Let's break what we can. Make as many answer as we can. Tear them apart." He was shouted down.

The meeting broke early for lunch and I wandered around the campus and heard the band play for the

Princeton-Yale game and saw the students with their dates wander toward the stadium – as if no war were being fought and no people were in prison for opposing it, as if Harlem and Watts and the Mississippi Delta country did not exist, as if the world were just and men did not die senselessly.

SDS spent the afternoon defining the enemy – the Liberal Establishment – and seeking to agree on the ultimate ends of resistance. "Elsewhere in the world people are oppressed," a Barnard girl said; "the majority is oppressed. Force is obvious everywhere in those countries. Here it's disguised. Here the liberal is the enemy. They lead a silent majority turned on by democracy. And that majority's been bought. The liberal has to be exposed. It is a liberal's war in Vietnam, a liberal government, a liberal culture. They [the liberals] are the warmakers, the power brokers, the enemy. . . . So we must polarize the government, the liberal's government, against the majority. Americans are idealists. We have to let them see that the government offends that idealism."

She proposed to do this by making each demonstration louder and more violent, until the government is forced to pass repressive laws and take general repressive actions. The government, she thought, would fall if Americans saw that it could not maintain order except through strong-arm methods. And precisely those methods would offend American idealism, produce distrust of the government, and finally cause the people to challenge the government's monopoly over terror and organize themselves to overthrow it.

She gave, as an example of her thesis, the November 14 demonstration. She told of how the protesters rushed against police lines and then fell back into the mass of demonstrators lining Sixth Avenue watching. The police, in response, charged into the crowd of spectators and, unable to tell the demonstrators from the people, they tore out at everyone. "Women, some in evening dresses, who stood there hating us for being dirty and loud went home [after the police charge] hating the police and the man [Dean Rusk] they were protecting. Through disruption we have to implicate the indifferent, the innocent, so to speak. Plan strategic interruptions which will force the government to increase its control over the people until they will not take it any more. Like at Washington. The 'negotiate now' people got hit over the head. Some of their blindness was kicked out of them by the cops. Those people . . . you have to take it home to those people, the fat liberals. They only act when they're hurt."

They then turned to what ends the demonstrations were to serve. "Demonstrations give us no power," a girl from Boston said, "they simply alienate us from other people. We are more alone than ever. We ought

to educate people first so they understand what we are demonstrating against and why." A young man promptly seconded her proposition, saying: "Let's stop the noise for a while. Tactics are being emphasized over political ends. The point is to stop the war. Whitehall is a massacre situation. It is unwise. We should reject it."

Another said, "We have to make it politically expedient for one of the parties to nominate a candidate who will end the war."

He was interrupted by an impatient student from Columbia, who said, "I do not see ending the war as our goal. Whoever is elected will not stop the war. The killing will go on, if not in Vietnam then somewhere else. Admit it. Make it bloodier until the Americans can't take it any more, until they have only one alternative – to overthrow the system that makes war necessary."

He was joined by a Harvard student: "The end is revolution. Opposition to the war is simply a pretext to create a revolutionary class. Check off the liberal middle class. We only need three percent of the population to make a revolution."

Here they fell to discussing what they wanted the Second American Revolution to bring in. Most wanted some kind of highly decentralized system where quasi-monopolistic corporations and vast institutions would be broken up. They wanted an end to all killing. They wanted to return to a simpler, more responsive, more local form of government. Some wanted anarchy.

Some wanted communism. Some wanted a government of world liberation which would free all men and then disappear.

They decided several things before they left Princeton. If a strike came against public transportation in New York City they would support it in an attempt to win solidarity with the workers. They are very much aware that unionists oppose them as much as the "ruling class." And they distrust the workers in return, considering them sellouts to middle-class bribes. Yet they feel they need them on their side.

They also decided to support, physically, any revolt by Negroes in the urban centers of the Northeast. They expect Harlem to explode this coming summer, or next. They plan to be there. It gives them hope. Curiously, they who depend in large part on the Negroes' revolt to usher in the New Age, are all whites.

Finally, they decided to let each individual decide whether to be at Whitehall or not.

They want to give their lives over to something grand, to affirm their importance through a steady, deadly movement toward an irrevocable act. As one of their booklets proclaims, they want to "create, at long last, a situation which goes beyond the point of no return." To do this they seek to widen resistance, to compel greater and more severe governmental response, to force the uncommitted majority to take sides with them, to oppose the war, either as an end or a pretext, in order "to make the shame more shameful still by making it public."

DOTSON RADER

Education: Notes on Community Schools

by Joseph Featherstone

Boston

The New School for Children occupies a cheerful, cluttered building across the street from a public school that looks a lot like the prison ship in *Great Expectations*. It has 90 children, kindergarten through the fifth grade. The Community School has, at the moment, settled its 49 children – kindergarten through second grade – in a cramped maze of small rooms in the basement of St. Ann's Episcopal Church. Both are Boston's examples of a new kind of school – independent private schools set up by parents in the ghetto. Both began last year and are showing a tenacious ability to endure in the face of very steep odds. Each is a different variation on a theme, community schooling, and each is thus a separate, uncompleted essay

in definition of elusive words like "community" and "participation."

They have common roots, for at the outset there was only one group of Roxbury people interested in starting an independent school. Mostly black, but with some whites, it formed in a mood of desperation after Louise Day Hicks' sweep of the 1965 school board election – a mood which Kevin White's recent mayoral victory over Mrs. Hicks has done little to dispel. Some were associated in one way or another with the tutorial program run out of St. Ann's. Most were parents who had come to distrust and fear the public schools, and although they differed on many points, they were united in wanting a school that could

be depended upon not to cripple their kids; that was the minimum. Some wanted the feeling of being able to shape at least part of their children's future, and a few had a specific interest in seeing their children placed in informal classes, where they could work at their own level and in their own time.

The division into two groups came about for a number of reasons; in part it reflected a faint division along class and neighborhood lines. What became the Community School group contains more of what are wryly called the certifiable poor – people whose income falls below official poverty levels – most of them clustered in the framehouse apartments around St. Ann's. What became the New School group has more people whose incomes are middling, more whites, and more people from the general Roxbury area. The Community School operates without tuition; the New School charges \$250 a year, granting scholarships to its needy children.

One point of contention between the groups was the degree to which a good school in the ghetto needed outside help. Obviously outside money was needed; but to what extent could a school go it alone? A number of the New School people wanted a crack school for their children, and they were eager, or at least willing, to enlist the support of schools of education in the Boston area and educational experts of one kind or another, as well as the energies of various prominent Roxbury figures. This bent was reinforced by the principal, Mrs. Bernice Miller, a former Chicago school principal who believed that the New School would have to go beyond its own circle to draw on a wide base of support if it was to survive and flourish as a model enterprise. The Community School people, on the other hand, were interested in having a good school, but they wanted the school to be *theirs*; they were suspicious of the amount of outside involvement in the New School. They were also wary of administrators, and they decided to call their principal simply the head teacher. (This year the head teacher is Mrs. Doreen Wilkinson, a lovely Haitian lady with a good deal of sympathy for the parents' outlook.) Both schools have tried to set up a network of Friends of the School for raising money in fairly small sums around Boston and in the suburbs. So far they seem to have made this precarious kind of financing work, but as each plans to add on a grade each year, budgets will grow and fund-raising will become chancier.

There is no rivalry between the two schools; they are simply different. The New School has come to identify with Roxbury as a whole. Its wider base of support and its ability to appeal to many different interests have made it a community venture in a broad, almost political sense – the sense that Roxbury Negroes use when, prematurely and not always accurately, they

speak of themselves as a black community. It has become one of the symbols of Roxbury's aspirations, and draws on the support of people sympathetic to those aspirations – liberal educators, people in the suburbs, and other private schools like Shady Hill. Classes are informal, the atmosphere is hectic and warm. (Kids come and sit on a visitor's lap.) A tendency toward faddishness and the kind of chaos you see in the rare self-consciously experimental suburban school exists, but so far it has been checked by the extraordinary quality of the two former Boston school-teachers who took the first and second grades last year and have remained on this year.

The Community School has defined its community in a different way: it consists of the parents, most of whom live right around St. Ann's. (The school has a loan to renovate part of a nearby house, which in time it will move to.) There are a few outsiders on its board, but the school is very much a neighborhood affair. Classes are also quite informal and warm, although maneuvering in tiny basement rooms puts a strain on teachers and children. (There are three teachers and two assistant teachers, ladies from the neighborhood – at the New School parents work in the office and in a variety of other ways, but they don't teach.)

It would be hard to argue, in the language of the social scientists that dominates our educational discourse, that these two schools amount to models, or even hypotheses, and what they prove is still being worked out, assuming that a wild tangle of variables, such as a school, can ever be said to have proved anything. They testify to a fierce desire on the part of a lot of ordinary people to develop workable alternatives to the public schools. They show that parents in the inner city will approve of informal classes quite unlike anything they went through when they were in school. (One lady, however, said she liked the informal classes, because they were like sessions in the one-room schoolhouse she attended as a girl in rural Alabama.) They illustrate a curious species, community schools, that seem to be spreading, despite the absence of any workable means of financing them. They may represent a Children's Crusade. Or they may, after all, be telling everybody a lesson about educational reform: don't wait to work out theories of what community participation means, and certainly don't wait for guarantees about money. Begin a school, do good work on a small, manageable scale, and perhaps reality will catch up to you. If there are enough such enterprises, learned men will do studies concluding that they reflect some kind of real need, and other learned men will be set to devising ways that their existence can be made to square with common sense, public finance, and all that. In the meantime, they exist, they teach live children; that's miracle enough to stagger the experts.

A New Leader For the Orchestra

Question: What would the world look like today if we hadn't been deeply involved in Vietnam?

Walter Lippmann: I think what would have happened, first of all, is what President Eisenhower said would happen, namely Ho Chi Minh would be the president of a united Vietnam, which would be a communist country in which the forms of communism would vary perhaps from what they are in Yugoslavia or in Bulgaria or in Rumania, but essentially there would not be a free-enterprise capitalist system. General Motors would not be able to operate freely in Vietnam. In my opinion, it would be anti-Chinese – in the sense of being against Chinese expansion, in a military sense. And it would not have been very anti-American. . . . If that had come about, the collaboration with the Soviet Union, which was well started in 1963 would have gone on, I think, quite a ways. On the whole, the world would be very much better. The United States' prestige in the world would be far higher than it is today.

Q: Mr. Lippmann, Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal said recently that he felt the worst thing that could happen in Vietnam would be for the United States to win. He felt that US prestige would suffer immeasurably if indeed we did win the war in Vietnam. . . . Do you think he's right?

Lippmann: Well, I think he was sort of talking with his tongue in his cheek, because there's no such thing as "winning" in Vietnam. It's absolutely inconceivable . . . even if we suppose that Ho Chi Minh said, "I surrender, and I will come to Washington, or to Honolulu, wherever you like, and you dictate your terms." Suppose that happened. That would be winning, the way we won the war against Japan in the Second World War. But it wouldn't be worth anything, because five years later Ho Chi Minh will be dead, and do you think that the Vietnamese are going to stand for our

presence forever in South Vietnam? Impossible to imagine it.

Q: Many people have compared [the present situation] to Truman's situation in 1948.

Lippmann: I know this tendency to say, "Now this is 1948, and President Truman was very unpopular too, and yet he won the election in spite of all the commentators and the polls and everything else." Well, I don't think, myself, that it is like 1948. President Johnson is in the position that Herbert Hoover was in. Hoover had the Depression on his hands, and nothing he was able to think of or do could get him out of it. The country finally turned over and got rid of him . . . and yet they elected a man, Franklin Roosevelt, whose last month of the campaign was made entirely on the same platform as Hoover's. He said he was for all the things that Hoover was for. He reversed it 60 days later, when he got in. If there's a parallel or analogy, the analogy is with 1932 and Hoover, not '48 and Truman.

Q: Mightn't the analogy be with 1940, if we're really going into a wider war?

Lippmann: I think we'll undoubtedly do more bombing, and we'll send more troops, and so on, but I don't see how that's going to save the situation politically. The assumption that the country is going to get sufficiently enthusiastic about this war to support the kind of unanimity of war time – I don't think that assumption is sound. The war is the most unpopular one that I've lived through in my own life. I won't count the Spanish-American War; I was a child then.

Q: You say President Johnson's very unpopular, and it seems to me that his one chance for getting reelected is to be in the midst of a wider war by the time the election comes around.

Lippmann: . . . He'll do a lot of things to be reelected,

but he won't plunge this country into the Third World War. He isn't that kind of man.

Q: How sensitive are you to the claim made by the government that people who think we ought not to be in Asia are neo-isolationists?

Lippmann: When I say we ought not to be in Asia, I mean we ought not to be there with an army. There's a difference between being in Asia as a trading nation, a cultural nation, and, if you like missionaries, and all that, and being there with an army, on the ground. . . . Never before in our history has any President said that this was a good thing to do.

Q: Should we let the President follow whatever options he wants, or should Congress set some limits?

Lippmann: Neither. . . . Our system of government is a presidential system. Which means, really, not whether the President has power to do this or that, the Congress this or that, but that the whole tone of American life, even down to private life, is set from the Presidency. He's the leader of the orchestra and a good leader can get things out of an orchestra that a poor leader can't.

Q: What about some of the concertmasters like Dean Rusk, and Walt Rostow, and McNamara, and maybe McGeorge Bundy, who's been in and out—what do you think of them, and what's their role in the formulation of our foreign policy?

Lippmann: Let's start with Rusk. Rusk is a very sincere man whose education stopped about 1944. What he learned in 1944, and which was formulated for Franklin Roosevelt by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, has remained gospel for him. Everything that has happened since—the whole of China and the whole of Asia has gone through a revolution—hasn't affected him at all; it's still the same old thing applied to the original Second World War concepts. And those concepts—namely, that you fight aggression, and if you win the battle, then you have peace, eternal peace . . . that all was invented in the First World War. Cordell Hull learned it there, from Woodrow Wilson, and it was passed on to Dean Rusk and to President Johnson, who have accepted it as if it were the eternal truth, that you fight wars against aggression and thereby end war.

Q: Isn't Rusk's rationale, really, that aggression . . . doesn't occur as often, if you meet it head-on?

Lippmann: Well, now, look at the record. This is the third war against aggression we've fought, within even your lifetime. We fought the Japanese to prevent aggression, and we dictated peace to the Japanese, and disarmed them, and that ended aggression. Did it? Not at all. . . . The example of Japan didn't make

one bit of difference to the Korean War.

Q: Are you saying that war should never be an instrument of a country's foreign policy?

Lippmann: I think war should be an instrument of national policy, yes. But it shouldn't be an instrument of a universal dream. . . .

Q: What's Dean Rusk's relative importance in the making of foreign policy, as compared with some of the others that we've mentioned?

Lippmann: I think his big role is that of the stern father or the voice of God; he's the conscience of the President. The President tends to be more easy-going. . . . He backslides, and I think Dean Rusk is the stern voice there.

Q: Dean Rusk has said twice now that he won't testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in open session.

Lippmann: Well, if I were Dean Rusk, I wouldn't want to testify in an open session, either. I mean he can't possibly have a good day; he cannot submit to the kind of questions that he's bound to be asked. . . . Take the fundamental precept on which the whole Rusk pyramid is erected, that there are two Vietnams and one of them invaded the other. There aren't. There is only one Vietnam. We are pretending that there is a country known as South Vietnam which is run by the South Vietnamese and I say it's not. . . . The United States has intervened in a civil war, and that is a mistake.

Q: I wonder if you could elaborate on [the idea] that the war in Vietnam could end, but that it couldn't end as long as Lyndon Johnson is the President.

Lippmann: What I mean to say is that Lyndon Johnson has committed himself personally and before the world and before the American electorate to an objective in Vietnam that is in my view unattainable. He wants an anti-communist, anti-Chinese and pro-American regime in Saigon.

Q: Aren't most Republicans who would be his possible opponents more or less committed to the same view?

Lippmann: Some of his Republican opponents, if you ask me, are just as benighted as he about the whole thing. They believe things that were true of the war in Europe 25 years ago, but are not true of this war.

Q: Well, then who's going to be this Republican candidate that's going to beat Johnson and extricate us from Vietnam?

Lippmann: That's a *non sequitur*, because Johnson if he goes on the way he's going, will beat himself. He's got into a position from which he can't get out, just as Hoover did in 1932. Hoover couldn't go out in public; the crowds were fierce; his credibility gap was

just like Johnson's — nobody believed a word he said.

Q: Do you think we'll get another Republican like Eisenhower in Korea, you know, who went in and ended the Korean War right away?

Lippmann: I think the war will be gotten out of in the term of the next President of the United States.

Q: Whoever he is?

Lippmann: Yes, whoever he is.

Q: Not including Lyndon Johnson.

Lippmann: If Lyndon Johnson is reelected, I don't know what would happen. I really think the country would be in a very dangerous condition.

Q: Do you have an opinion about which of the Republican contenders is most likely to get us out? To want to get us out quickly?

Lippmann: I think the man who ought to be the next President is Rockefeller, and I'm for Rockefeller not because I think I know exactly what he thinks about Vietnam or whether I agree with what he thinks about Vietnam. I'm for him because the great problem is what we do inside this country, which is in a mess, and I think Rockefeller is the ablest candidate in either party for dealing with our internal affairs. . . . A nation, and especially a democratic nation, is not capable of having two great goals at once — fighting a war in Vietnam and rebuilding the American society at home. One will get in the way of the other. That has happened, as a matter of fact, in my lifetime: three times this country has started on a program or a trend of real internal social reform — and three times the thing has been interrupted by war. The reason that our cities are in such a mess is that this is a neglected problem. It's been neglected for over 50 years.

Q: You don't think any credence at all should be given to the government's argument that it can pursue two wars at the same time?

Lippmann: None whatever. . . .

Q: If there were no Vietnam war, would the War on Poverty have succeeded?

Lippmann: The problems of poverty and the race problem and so on, are not in themselves soluble within the visible future. What you can get is the feeling of momentum among the people, white and black. . . . Kennedy didn't solve any of these problems; but he gave the people the feeling that he was on his way, and what they don't have now is any feeling that we're on the way anywhere.

Q: Many Negroes in the country are suggesting that there is a Negro solution to ghetto problems, and it seems as though Negro leadership is becoming more

militant in the sense that they are insisting on a Negro solution to what were largely American solutions to the Negro problem in the ghetto.

Lippmann: Well, if I can understand the Black Power logic and reasoning, it leads, if you carry it far enough, to a system of apartheid. [But] this country is irrevocably committed to living together, to being a biracial or multiracial state. It's impossible to segregate. There's no way you can cut off Mississippi and Alabama and say, "That's a Negro state." That solution is out, ruled out from the beginning, in this country. [Now] I have a great deal of sympathy with a great many things I read by some of the Black Power advocates, because they are really advocating self-respect and do-it-yourself and financing your own thing. That, I think, is all to the good.

Q: Suppose you assume a different factual premise: namely that it's an obvious fact that Negroes and whites in American society today *are* in separate communities, not only in Alabama and Southern counties in Mississippi but in the large cities in the North, and from that extrapolate the view that the Negro leadership is taking now — that our direction should not be toward integrating the society, that that doesn't solve the problems of the Negro community and rather than fight the battle on the integration-segregation front, take for granted that American society is segregated and then build the community, the Negro community, into a viable and competitive partner in the American society.

Lippmann: Did you say "partner?"

Q: Partner in the sense that it's coexistence between the Negro and white communities.

Lippmann: Why shouldn't it be better than that?

Q: But isn't a militant Negro leadership dealing with the problem as it is, and the American mentality as it is?

Lippmann: Insofar as it's dealing with it psychologically, in the sense of giving courage and self-respect to Negroes to do their own thing, I think it's all to the good. But it's not solving the problem, because the resources are not there in the Negro community to solve the problem. There's neither the resources there nor the numbers. So that, in the end, it'll have to be partnership, to use your word. But you can't make partners of a mass of people ignorant on both sides. You'll have to make partners of educated people first.

Q: You might educate the nation through confrontation: namely, if the Negro poses a great enough threat to the national security, simply because he is a threat, we will learn about that threat.

Lippmann: Yes, but you'll get a backlash from that which will be something terrible.

Q: Well, it would be temporary, though.

Lippmann: No. . . . The question is can the Negro community, acting on its own resources and by its own willpower, force the nation to solve the problem of the Negro. That, I think, is impossible.

Q: Are these the worst times there've been in your lifetime? For the country?

Lippmann: Yes, I think so. I'm more worried about the state of the country than I think I've ever been before. And it's not because I'm afraid of a nuclear war. I don't think we'll get to that. What I see is the disintegration of hope and belief and will – willpower and morale. That's what's bad.

Q: Most of us are a little bit too old to be hippies and maybe a little bit too young to understand them; did you see in other generations anything at all similar to the hippie phenomenon?

Lippmann: Well, similar, yes. After the First World War, everybody was terribly disillusioned and disappointed because Wilson's great dream of eternal peace had failed, just as they all fail, that kind of dream. And there was a great exodus from this country. That's the form it took. The young intellectuals, the writers – they all wanted to get to Paris or some to London, but mostly to Paris. That was the escape.

Q: Was there ever a period in your life when you had felt that kind of, you know, disillusionment?

Lippmann: No, I don't think so . . . I like to fight. I don't believe in giving in. I don't believe in saying the game's up and I'll take a drug and be out of it.

Q: You said that you thought the reason the times were very bad now was because of a kind of disintegration of hope. Do you see a way out of that?

Lippmann: Yes, you have to have a new leader for the orchestra, who will suddenly begin to make the rhythm go again. The thing is there in this country. Sometimes a country is in the mood to solve everything; those are its great periods. The Elizabethan Age was that kind of age in England, and the New Deal in the early thirties was that kind of an age, and John F. Kennedy's was beginning to be and the Great Society in the first months of Johnson was that kind of age. That's the thing you've got to have: what would be the equivalent of an Elizabethan Age in America, when people hope and believe and are willing to fight, and don't insist on a Gallup Poll in advance that they're going to win. . . . I mean, if you've seen hopes raised and dashed as many times as I have, and always because a war has intervened, you'd say, "Well, now, for heaven's sake, we can't wait any longer." We have the riots and all that, we have worse than that – we have despair and deterioration. That has got to stop. We've got to have a people that believes it's going to do something.

This is a shortened version of the conversation between Mr. Lippmann and six college students, heard on the Public Broadcast Laboratory, November 19.

Are We Being En-Gulfed?

by Wolf Von Eckardt

Last summer in Belgrade, I noticed a cluster of people in front of the show windows of the US Information Library on Knesa Milosa Street. They were admiring a photo display of Reston, the budding new town in Virginia developed by Robert E. Simon.

On these much publicized pictures, happy children are playing around a modern fountain which graces a

handsome little plaza surrounded by gay shops with sunny apartments above them. The plaza opens to a man-made lake, alive with little boats and a dramatic water jet. The lake mirrors townhouses nestled among old trees.

Here, with all the 20th-century conveniences, is a Piazza San Marco and Portofino all wrapped in one, an answer to the eyesore and malaise of urban sprawl. Three years ago in *The New Republic* (Nov. 7, 1964) I had hailed Reston as the promise of "one of the first modern communities in America worthy of the name."

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Now a part of it – the first village of seven – had actually been built and USIA could show it off in a socialist country. Look what America's ingenious free enterprise had wrought!

Two months later, back home, I was phoned in the night. "They are wrecking Reston," an excited former employee of the new town told me. "They have fired Bob Simon!"

"They" is the Gulf Oil Corporation, ranked sixth largest of our ingenious giant business enterprises (last year's earnings \$505 million) which are now widely looked upon as the best possible saviors of our sick cities and suburbs. If only the big corporations with their huge investment capital, energy and presumed efficiency would move into the urban mess, it is said, a new "creative federalism" could rebuild the slums and build the compact, "balanced" new communities out in the country that are essential if the ghettos are to be decongested and open country is to be preserved.

Reston, of course, is the beginning of just such a community. And Gulf Oil *did* move in – with the subtlety of a Latin American *junta*. Overnight, as Ada Louise Huxtable put it in *The New York Times*, "one man's dream became a corporate subsidiary." At their first board meeting, last October 27, the new directors of the new Gulf-Reston, Inc. fired Robert E. Simon. Simon had known all along that a new town of eventually 170,000 people with a multi-billion-dollar return value would take a considerable capital investment. It takes "patient money," not the fast buck kind. It is an investment on which, as James Rouse, the developer of Columbia, another budding new town, has put it "you may have to get rich more slowly."

Perhaps Simon might have waited until he could back his paper plan with the needed \$50 million. But he might have waited forever and it would only have gotten him the kind of committee that, trying to design a horse, ends up with a camel or another fast-selling Levittown.

So when he could acquire those 170,000 acres of wooded Virginia hills, 18 miles from Washington and

on the fringe of the country's most burgeoning housing market all in one chunk, he went ahead with \$2-million of his own, a \$20 million loan on the land from the John Hancock Life Insurance Company and, eventually, a \$15 million investment loan from Gulf Oil.

In less than three years this money bought a new way of life for about 3,000 residents and over 1,000 employees of Reston's 10 industries. What with a lively mix of apartments, townhouses and single family homes, a golf course, a riding stable, bridle paths, three swimming pools, a lake you can actually swim in, three playing fields, seven playgrounds, garden plots, picnic sites, all kinds of shopping in pleasant surroundings, an art gallery, a teen-age club, two kindergarten nurseries, a church (with more to come), an elementary school of special Ford Foundation sponsored design, a community auditorium that presents foreign films and other attractions, and a host of other things, virtually all within reach of pleasant walks that are never crossed by combustion engines, it came near to being the utopian new community my article had previewed under the somewhat skeptical title "Could This Be Our Town?"

City planners from all over the world came, and so did the curious and the customers. Aside from the discomfort of being gawked at by the visiting crowds, the residents seemed content.

It is silly, of course, as Dean Acheson once said, to keep pulling up the carrot to see how well it grows. But I tried. I went out there repeatedly to interview Restonians "in depth," as they say. It was a bore. There was no story, because when I looked over my notes afterwards, it all sounded too good to be credible. The only really interesting thing was that a good many of the families I talked to did not participate in Reston's much touted community activities – the square dances and adult education programs and all the rest. They did not relish "togetherness" any more than most of my friends in the city.

Why, then, do you like Reston as much as you say you do, I would ask. I got the same answer several times: "Well, I guess because it is so pretty!"

So far Reston is, to be sure, a kind of country club. Townhouses sell from \$23,450 to \$46,800, detached houses from \$31,000 to \$65,000 and apartments rent from \$130 to \$275 a month. That isn't much help to people of moderate income, let alone those in the ghetto. Robert Simon was going to start high enough so he could put in his playgrounds and walkways and facilities and amenities first. And then, as the industries moved in and provided employment for them, he would build for people with lower incomes.

A year ago or so he applied for government assistance to build 200 apartments under the famous non-profit 221-d-3 provision. The Federal Housing Ad-

COMING: *Paul R. Wieck*
on the national conference
of Democrats who
don't want LBJ

ministration is still bickering. But Interior Secretary Udall promised to move the Geological Survey (3,000 employees) to Reston. And the Department of Housing and Urban Development gave Simon a research grant of \$200,000 to see if he could build really low-cost housing by using the factory methods of the trailer industry. I attended a Reston citizen's meeting the evening this grant was announced. It would all turn out for the best, Simon reassured the new homeowners. Presumably the black, low-income people would not crowd in on them. His caginess made the Restonians present angry. They welcomed the prospect of integration they told Simon in no uncertain terms. That night I was persuaded that new towns could work in America.

Still, the houses didn't sell as fast as they should have, the construction program lagged. In part this was due to the newness of the place. Who wants to be a pioneer? In part it was due to the tight money market. In part it was due to the expense. Reston's outstanding design and special amenities added as much as \$3,000 to each house. "People," an expert told me, "would spend perhaps \$1,000 more for these extras, but not \$3,000." Yet, in the end, as of a month ago, what was built did sell – the best designed houses 100 percent, the others about 80 percent.

The difficulty was that not enough could be built. The investment capital, the "patient money" was lacking. Sales slowed close to a standstill because Reston could not promise any firm delivery dates.

Simon made strenuous efforts to raise more money. He called on about 20 potential investors, and some of them came in and made elaborate surveys and financial feasibility studies. They only proved what Simon had told them all along, namely that Reston is no get-rich-quick scheme like hoola-hoops.

Washington Gas Light Co. reportedly promised \$6-million and then backed out of the oral deal. An even bigger company, General Electric, which had let it be known that it was interested in new towns, I am told, got all set to move in with substantial cash. GE executive wives already started to pick out their Reston homes. Then at the final, decisive meeting, one of GE's board members spoke up. He objected to Simon's hope that Negroes would be living in Reston. GE, it seems, wants unanimous consensus. Simon wouldn't back down. So GE backed out.

At about this point Gulf Oil got worried about its \$15 million investment and staged its *putsch*. At first Simon was "promoted" to chairman of the board. A real estate consultant, named Robert H. Ryan, was installed as president "to save Reston."

Ryan moved swiftly. He stalled the press on all news of what was happening while he purged much

of the professional staff Simon had painstakingly assembled and fired Reston's master planners, the brilliant architectural firm Conklin and Rossant.

Then, a month later, all smiles and conviviality, Ryan entertained newsmen. To begin with, he called the \$37 million investment in Reston a \$45 million "debt," whose carrying charges kept him awake at night worrying. Then he proceeded to destroy confidence in this investment. The townhouse in the country, he said, waving an unlit cigar, is ahead of its time. He did not say that since Reston pioneered the idea every major project in the Washington area has taken it up. Contemporary architecture, he continued, does not attract buyers. He did not say that virtually all of Reston's architecturally most acclaimed houses were already sold to satisfied owners.

As to mixing income groups, Ryan also voiced his doubts. "I just don't know," he declared. "The American ethic for 200 years has been for income levels to live with their own kind."

But he affirmed his faith in planned communities: "I am obsessed with the conviction that sound planning and economic feasibility do go together." And he reiterated time and again: "We will stick to Reston's original master plan." Signs have appeared in Reston's administrative offices which read: "Creating Value Is the Name of the Game."

To those of us present who learned later that master planner Conklin had already been fired, this assurance began to sound hollow. Only *The Wall Street Journal* gloated that Reston was "about to be yanked abruptly back to earth."

Most everyone else fears that Reston will soon be en-Gulfed in mediocre urban sprawl, as was Radburn, New Jersey, the Greenbelt Towns of the New Deal and several other noble attempts to build good communities in this country. For Gulf Oil, said Ryan, will henceforth "listen to the market."

The trouble with that, as an angry Reston resident put it, "is that until 1492 the market said that the earth was flat." All Ryan's marketing survey computers can tell him is to follow the trend – the trend that has led to where we are and that has been aptly described as "the mess that is man-made America."

We had hoped that our big corporations would help start a new trend and lead us out of the urban mess. Perhaps they still will. Reston, which Gulf Oil has said it never wanted to end up owning, is as good a place as any for them to begin. It should be far easier to put up the "patient money" needed for a new town than the risky "brave money" needed to rebuild the slums as the "urban coalitions" of big business, politicians and civil rights leaders now promise to do.

Meanwhile, however, USIA had better hide that handsome exhibit in Belgrade.



Simple Simenon

As one who has read every book written by Georges Simenon . . .

There is an opening remark! But who could make it? Possibly Madame Simenon and probably some PhD candidate; surely no other. To be a contemporary of Simenon's is to live beside a fresh-flowing stream. If, like me, one does not read French, the stream is only a branch at the delta, still it flows pretty freshly. I dip into it once in a while because it is there. Not the Maigret series – even Simenon cannot interest me in detective stories – but, since there are only 71 Maigrets, this leaves 120 other novels to choose from, counting only the books published under Simenon's name. (In his youth, like Balzac, he wrote numerous novels under pen names, to train himself.)

His latest novel to appear here, *The Cat*,¹ is short (182 pages), as are most of his books. In my one meeting with Simenon, 15 years ago, he said that a novel ought to be like a play or a film – you ought to be able to get through it in one sitting. He writes them (figuratively) in one sitting. His working time for a book, quoted in a recent interview, is 12 days, which means he has slowed down. When I asked him how long it took to write a novel, he said “eleven days.” No hesitation, no “about” or “usually”; a flat “eleven days.”

There are two points of view about Simenon. One is that he suffers unjustly in serious critical estimation

because he writes so much, that his huge output gives him an undeserved lightweight ambience. The second is that he is somewhat overpraised, that he is more of a phenomenon than a serious artist. *The Cat* supports both views.

As for the first: this new book, like most of his books, is a work of marvelous skill. It is spare, gripping, relentless, calm. It is a wonder of suspense, especially considering the simplicity of its materials. The story concerns a Parisian couple in their seventies (the second marriage for each) who have literally stopped speaking to one another. They have exchanged only terse written messages, ever since (as he believes) she murdered his cat and he, in retaliation, plucked the tail feathers of her parrot, which subsequently died. These ludicrous facts are put forth so succinctly, even tensely, that this tiny domestic squabble becomes a credible stifling cosmos, an inescapable, seemingly rational madhouse. Very little happens. We learn who the pair are, the facts of their daily lives and their first marriages, and how their spouses died. In the “present” the wife encourages the visits of another old woman, whom the husband dislikes, so he moves out – permanently, he thinks, but it lasts only a week.

He spends that week with a woman who keeps a bar, an agreeable soul with whom he has copulated occasionally and casually throughout much of his life. There is a typical Simenon touch when the old man arrives at the bar and finds it difficult to explain to the woman about his troubles at home:

“He was embarrassed and dared not go into detail. ‘After all, a man does have his dignity, you realize. . . .’

She laughed to herself. She knew men better than he and knew from experience that when they talk about their dignity it means that things are bad.”

But a few days later he sees his wife standing on the sidewalk opposite the bar, just standing there, silently supplicating. She is there again the next day. At the end of the week, he goes home – to their mutual silence. Not long after, he comes back from a walk one day to what he has been

expecting-dreading; she is lying on the floor and the silence is sealed.

Simenon once said, in a *Paris Review* interview, that the difficulty of communication between two people “is one of the biggest tragic themes in the world. When I was a young boy I was afraid of it. I would almost scream because of it. . . . That is a theme I have taken I don’t know how many times. But I know it will come again.” In *The Cat* the theme is distilled to a grotesque essence: the book externalizes, in sharp symbols, an inner aspect of the human condition. Simenon’s sentences, falling into place like small unbreakable bricks, build the couple’s cell, and then the inner wall between them.

But there is the other viewpoint about Simenon. The most extraordinary aspect of *The Cat* is that it is No. 120. (Not counting the Maigrets or the “warm-up” novels.) It is a good but small piece of work, in ambition and achievement. If it were the author’s first book, or his first book in five years, or even his first book in a year, it would of course be no less good but would seem much less remarkable. The wonder of Simenon is inseparably twofold: that he writes so much *and* writes as well as he does.

Among the dozen or so Simenons that I have read, none has been less than good and none has seemed to me imperishable. I wonder how much of him will last, how he will look to future generations who read those of his books that survive. Less impressive than he does to us, I would guess. Possibly the greatest attribute of Simenon’s is that he is our contemporary: that the phenomenon is happening while, so to speak, we watch.

Eric Ambler has some resemblance to Simenon in atmosphere but otherwise is quite a different case. He has just published his twelfth novel² in 30 years (a mere two years’ work to Simenon), and it emphasizes the schism in Ambler. The five books he wrote before the Second War – *Background to Danger*, *Epitaph for a Spy*, *Cause for Alarm*, *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, and *Journey into Fear* – are among the best spy-suspense stories in English, polished, craftily crafted, and politically shrewd. I have always thought that a

(Continued on page 38)

¹ *The Cat* by Georges Simenon. Translated by Bernard Frechtman (Harcourt, Brace & World; \$4.50)

² *Dirty Story* by Eric Ambler (Atheneum; \$5.95)

Books and the Arts

The Real World

by W. H. Auden

Our principal enemies of the True Word are two: the Idle Word and the Black Magician.

He who tells a deliberate lie is aware of what he is doing; lying may corrupt his heart but not his intellect or the language in which he lies. But we corrupt our hearts, our intellects and our language when we use words for purposes to which the judgment true/or/false is irrelevant. We can, for instance, speak, not because we have anything we believe it important to say, but because we are afraid of silence or of not being noticed. And we can listen to or read the words of others, not in order to learn something, but because we are bored and need to fill up time. Cocktail-party chatter and journalism in the pejorative sense are two aspects of the same disease, what the Bible calls Idle Words for which at Judgment Day God will hold us accountable. Since the chatterer has nothing he really wishes to say, and the journalist nothing he really wishes to write, it is of no consequence to either what words they actually use. In consequence, it is not long before they forget the exact meanings of words and their precise grammatical relations and, presently, without knowing it, are talking and writing nonsense.

This kind of corruption of language has been enormously encouraged by mass education and the mass media. Until quite recently, most people spoke the language of the social class into which they were born. Their vocabulary might be limited, but they had learned it at firsthand from their parents and neighbors, so that they knew the correct meanings of such words as they did know, and made no attempt to use any others. Today, I would guess that nine-tenths of the population do not know what thirty percent of the words they use actually mean. Thus, it is possible to hear someone who is feeling

sick say *I am nauseous*, for a reviewer of a spy-thriller to describe it as *ener-vating*, and for a television star to say of an investment agency which was sponsoring his program *They are integrity-ridden*.

To make polite conversation is, of course, essential to a civilized society, and if idleness of speech has become such a problem in our time, one of the reasons is that polite conversation is no longer regarded as an art which has to be learned. When we are children, the only society we know is a society of intimates, parents, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, etc. It is only as we grow older that we encounter strangers, some of whom may in the future become intimate friends, others casual acquaintances, while others we shall never see again, and we have to learn that we cannot speak to strangers, or, for that matter, to the public, in the same way that we speak to intimates. One of the worst characteristics of present day society is its childish indiscretion which ignores this difference. Both in conversation and in books people today are only too ready to take their clothes off in front of total strangers.

Again, while it is a great blessing that a man no longer has to be rich in order to enjoy the masterpieces of the past, for paperbacks, first-rate color reproductions and stereo-phonograph records have made them available to all but the very poor, this ease of access, if misused – and we do misuse it – can become a curse. We are all of us tempted to read more books, look at more pictures, listen to more music, than we can possibly absorb; and the result of such gluttony is not a cultured mind but a consuming one; what it reads, looks at, listens to, is immediately forgotten, leaving no more traces behind it than yesterday's newspaper.

More deadly than the Idle Word is

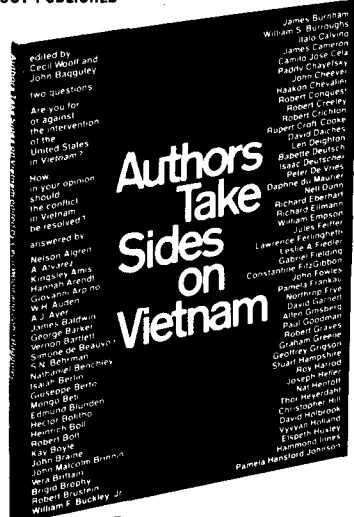
the use of words as Black Magic. Like the White Magic of poetry, Black Magic is concerned with enchantment. But, while the poet is himself enchanted by the subjects he writes about and only wishes to share his enchantment with others, the Black Magician is perfectly cold. He has no enchantment to share with others, but uses enchantment as a means of securing domination over others and compelling them to do his will. He does not ask for a free response to his spell; he demands a tautological echo.

In all ages, the technique of the Black Magician has been essentially the same. In his spells the words are deprived of their meanings and reduced to syllables or verbal noises. This may be done literally, as when magicians used to recite the Lord's Prayer backwards, or by reiterating a word over and over again as loudly as possible until it has become a mere sound. For millions of people today, words like Communism, Capitalism, Imperialism, Peace, Freedom, Democracy, have ceased to be words the meaning of which can be inquired into and discussed, and have become right or wrong noises to which the response is as involuntary as a knee-reflex. It makes no difference if the magic is being employed simply for the aggrandizement of the magician himself, or if, as is more usual, he claims

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

W. H. Auden has just been awarded the National Medal for Literature for 1967. His essay is extracted from the address he made on accepting the award. C. Vann Woodward is a professor of history at Yale University. His latest book is *The Comparative Approach to American History* and will be published by Basic Books in December. Rolfe Humphries published his *Collected Poems* in 1965. He is now working on a translation of Welsh poems. Murray Kempton contributes a regular column to *The New York Post*. His newest book is *Part of Our Time*.

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to be serving some good cause. Indeed, the better the cause he claims to be serving, the more evil he does. Most commercial advertising, revoltingly vulgar though it is, is comparatively harmless. If advertising conditions me to buy a brand of toilet soap, provided that the Law prevents the sale of a substance which poisons my skin or leaves me dirtier than I was before, no harm is done me, for it can make no difference to my body or soul which brand I use. Political and religious propaganda are another matter, for politics and religion are spheres where personal choice is essential.

As a practitioner of the art, I could wish, for worldly reasons, that Poetry were more popular. I am, however, glad and proud that it is not. Poetry cannot be employed by the Black Magician: if one responds to a poem at all, the response is conscious and voluntary. And poetry cannot, it would seem, be reduced to an idle word. Novels, even good ones, can be read simply to pass the time; music, even the greatest, can be used as background noise; but nobody has yet learned to consume a poem; either one cannot read it at all, or one must listen to it as its author intended it to be listened to.

Language, as such, is the concern of every human being at all times, but artists, whose medium is language, that is to say, poets and novelists, have special problems of their own, and these vary with times and places. In cultures, polytheistic societies, for example, in certain historical epochs, like the Romantic age, literary artists have been accorded a public status which tempted them to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think. Today, they are in danger of not taking their art seriously enough. Their reaction to their diminished status may take two forms.

They may, in a futile attempt to recover social importance, attempt to become propagandists for some good cause, to be, as current jargon has it, *engagé*. The world about us is, as it always has been, full of gross evils and appalling misery, but it is a fatal delusion and a shocking overestimation of the importance of the artist in the world, to suppose that, by making works of art, we can do anything to

eradicate the one or alleviate the other. The political and social history of Europe would be what it has been if Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Titian, Mozart, Beethoven, *et al.*, had never existed. Where social evils are concerned, the only effective weapons are two: political action and straight reportage of the facts, journalism in the good sense. Art is impotent. The utmost an artist can hope to do for his contemporary readers is, as Dr. Johnson said, to enable them a little better to enjoy life or a little better to endure it. Further, let us remember that, though the great artists of the past could not change the course of history, it is only through their work that we are able to break bread with the dead, and without communion with the dead a fully human life is impossible.

The opposite reaction is to imagine that, if it is true, and I think it is, that art cannot be effective as serious action, then let it be frivolous action; instead of making political speeches, let us invent happenings. But the Pop artist, like his *engagé* brother, forgets that the artist is not a man of action but a maker, a fabricator of objects. To believe in the value of art is to believe that it is possible to make an object, be it an epic or a two-line epigram, which will remain permanently on hand in the world. The probabilities of success are against him, but an artist must not attempt anything less. Until quite recently, this seemed self-evident, for all fabrication was carried on in the same way. Houses, furniture, tools, linen, table-ware, wedding dresses, etc., were made to last and be handed on from one generation to the next. This is no longer the case: such things are now deliberately designed to become obsolescent in a few years. This, however deplorable, is possible because such craft objects are to some extent necessary: men must have dwelling-places, chairs and so on. But the so-called "fine" arts which are purely gratuitous—nobody has to write or read a poem or a novel—cannot follow this path without becoming extinct.

In defending us against losing our nerve, let us take comfort from the masterpieces of the past, for one thing they have to teach us is that social and technological change are not as fatal

to a genuine work of art as we are inclined to fear. Our world is already utterly different from the worlds in which they were created; yet we can still comprehend and enjoy them.

The future looks gloomy enough, but there is one change in our ways of thought which seems to me encouraging. Since the end of the 18th century until quite recently, the scientists believed and succeeded in convincing most people that they were right, that science could arrive at an objective knowledge of things-in-themselves. To this assertion artists reacted in two ways: some tried to become as much like scientists as possible and banded together under the slogan of naturalism: others averted their eyes from the phenomenal world altogether as the abode of Satan, and tried to create purely aesthetic worlds out of their subjective feelings.

If today, it seems to me, the word "real" can be used at all, the only world which is real for us, as the world in which all of us, including scientists, are born, work, love, hate and die, is the primary phenomenal world as it is and always has been presented to us through our senses, a world in which the sun moves across the sky from east to west, the stars are hung in the vault of heaven, the measure of magnitude is the human body, and objects are either in motion or at rest. If this be accepted, it is possible that artists may become both more modest and more self-assured. None will produce the kind of work which demands that a reader spend his whole life reading it and nothing else. The claim to be a genius will become as strange a notion as it would have seemed to the Middle Ages. There might even be a return to a belief in the phenomenal world as a realm of sacred analogies.

But this is guessing. In the meantime, and whatever is going to happen, we must try to live as Mr. E. M. Forster recommends that we should:

"The people I respect must behave as if they were immortal and as if Society were eternal. Both assumptions are false. Both must be accepted as true if we are to go on working and eating and loving, and are able to keep open a few breathing-holes for the human spirit."



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UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA
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White Man, White Mind

by C. Vann Woodward

W. J. Cash was a one-book man, but that book, *The Mind of the South*, has gained the status of a minor classic. Since its publication in 1941 its influence and prestige have mounted cumulatively until it occupies a virtually unchallenged popularity. It has long been the first and often the only book of a historical nature that visiting journalists, pundits, and other authorities on

W. J. Cash: *Southern Prophet
A Biography and Reader*
by Joseph L. Morrison
(Knopf; \$6.95)

the contemporary South read to fill them in on background. It is cited, quoted, paraphrased, and plagiarized so regularly as to have practically entered the public domain. Popular writers regularly recapitulate its formulas, often unknowingly, as part of the received wisdom, and several generations of college students have gratefully discovered in Cash a relief from textbook prose and an illusion that they had painlessly got on top of Southern history.

In addition to its merits of insight and fresh perception, Cash's *Mind* has attributes of another sort that help account for its appeal—especially to the young and to the non-Southerner. Here was a man who was obviously not putting them on or taking them in. Undergraduates saw in him one man over thirty they could trust, and non-Southerners found a Southerner who "talked sense." He dealt summarily and impiously with regional pieties and pretenses, and no one could have been more offhanded in dismissing romantic folderol about aristocracy, agrarian fantasies, plantation legends, and white supremacy. His book was the perfect foil for the contemporary novel, *Gone With the Wind*. Cash's idol and model was H. L. Mencken. In his book he toned down and smoothed up the more raffish Menckenisms. "Blackamoors" and "coons" become "Negroes," and the prose often achieves dignity and elegance. But the mood remains essentially Menckonian. The category of

historiography to which the *Mind* belongs is the same one occupied by the works of the 1920's that "exposed" the Puritans of New England. As history it is really about that dated.

Suspicious non-Southerners found further reassurance in Cash's maintenance of an attitude that, at least by New Deal standards, passed as impeccably liberal. He was friendly to organized labor, maintained a kindly tolerance toward the Negro, deplored the troglodyte industrialists of the time, and plumped for New Deal reforms. More than that, Cash struck powerful blows at lynching and all varieties of inhumanity, injustice, oppression, and brutality. Then, in addition to the virtues of "correctness," he undoubtedly possessed gifts as a phrase maker. One thinks of his "proto-Dorians," his "hell-of-a-fellow complex," his "lily-pure maid of Astolat," and his *aperçus* about Southern womanhood, paternalism, and demagogues. Surely our common stock of perceptions is the richer for them.

Cash is secure in the credit he deserves for all these contributions, but a reassessment of his history is long overdue. That task would take space unavailable here and must be postponed. In the meantime some of his limitations should be noted. Cash's "South" was the Appalachian foothills that stretch northward from his native Gaffney, S. C., through Charlotte, N. C., his home as an adult, and on up. In the hard-bitten thirties this subregion of small-town industries and plain folk came belatedly to flower in a harsh depression climate. Thomas Wolfe, of Asheville, was its poet, James Agee of Knoxville its reporter, and Jack Cash of Charlotte its historian. Theirs was a hard-scrabble South, especially in the thirties, when the whole South was pretty much hard-scrabble. Cash knew nothing firsthand of the Tidewater, the Delta, the Gulf, the Blue Grass, or the Trans-Mississippi South. But the hill country had heard quite enough of the pretensions and poses of folk from those remote and high-living parts, and Cash figured it was time to let them

have an unbiased history of the South from the hillbilly point of view. He had little time for aristocrats, planters, and slaveholders. His "basic Southerner," his "Man at the Center" was a hillbilly — and no one from Tidewater, Delta, or Blue Grass need apply.

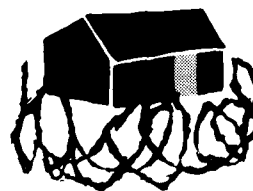
If Cash's "South" has geographical limitations, it also has historical blind spots. In seven pages he swoops through the first two centuries of Southern history, and by page ten we are knee-deep in Jacksonians and cotton snobs. The book is really about the period from the 1830's to the 1930's, and space is very unevenly distributed at that. The Old South gets short shrift. The Civil War is over a quarter of the way through and the 1920's and 1930's get nearly half the book. A lopsided geography and chronology are complicated by a skewed interpretation that arises from a devotion to some highly tendentious hypotheses. Of these the basic ones are (1) insistence on an overriding consensus of Southern whites and (2) the fundamental continuity of Southern history. Consensus plays down conflict and obscures profound internal cleavages over Secession, Reconstruction, and Populism and important differences between classes as well as between conservatives, liberals, and radicals. Consensus on race is overplayed. Insistence on continuity blurs one of the distinctively un-American traits of Southern history — its discontinuity. On the smooth rhetoric of "proto-Dorian" consensus, the Southern mind slides over Secession, Civil War, Emancipation, Reconstruction, and industrial revolution without altering its course, unchanged and unchangeable. It would take a lot of printers' ink to straighten out the resulting distortions.

In Cash's *Mind*, Negroes are left virtually mindless. He had a perfect right to confine his subject to the whites, of course. But in view of the enormous impact slavery had on the mind of both whites and blacks, he cannot be excused for brushing over the Peculiar Institution as lightly as he did. The few pages he does give the subject are illuminating, but they are wholly disproportionate to the importance slavery had for millions of people of both races and their prosperity.

The tragic theme was simply not Jack Cash's dish. Perhaps that was the ex-

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planation for the block he had about William Faulkner, all of whose important novels appeared before Cash's death. He was capable of speaking of "the Faulkner-Caldwell pattern," of writing of Wolfe that Faulkner was not "remotely his equal," of complaining that the Mississippian neglected "social forces," and of contending that the creator of Charles Bon and Joe Christmas and Lucas Beauchamp had fallen for the myth of the happy Negro.

Joseph Morrison's book on Cash is the occasion rather than the inspiration for these reflections, for it shares none of the exceptions taken to Cash's history and interpretation and undertakes no critical reappraisal of his work. To Morrison, Cash's role was "truly prophetic," his work "original historical writing of the highest order." The biography is a labor of love conducted with scrupulous thoroughness and ex-

haustiveness. It tells us all we need to know (and perhaps a little more) about the obscure struggles of this modest, neurotic, but rather appealing and courageous writer. It was a sad and pathetically short life, gladdened at the end by a happy marriage and a brief literary acclaim and then ended quickly by suicide. On the circumstances of the suicide, Morrison has gone to great pains to collect all the evidence, including clinical and expert medical testimony. He describes a terrifying onset of paranoia at the very end but believes, without conclusive evidence, that the illness was "toxic rather than psychic." The "Reader" part of the volume, nearly half of it, reprints fugitive pieces that add nothing to Cash's reputation but provide some biographical insights. The much needed critical reevaluation of *The Mind of the South* remains to be done.

The Man of Many Ways

by Rolfe Humphries

An embarrassment of riches! With Mr. Lattimore's new translation we have, for the second time in a decade, a fine translation of *The Odyssey*; the earlier work was that done by another excellent poet, Robert Fitzgerald. What do we do now? Get Mr. Fitzgerald to translate *The Iliad*, I guess; then we can have all the students buy all four books for their courses in Humanities

The Odyssey of Homer
translated by Richmond Lattimore
(Harper & Row; \$8.95)

I, or the Great Books seminar, be fair to both translators, double royalties and profit to publishers, and help the scholars by establishing in this way coordinates on Homer, on *The Iliad*, on *The Odyssey*. For what is there to choose, really, between Lattimore's

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flourishing
pear trees and pomegranate trees
and apple trees with their shining
fruit, and the sweet fig trees and the
flourishing olive.

Never is the fruit spoiled on these,
never does it give out,
neither in winter time nor summer,
but always the West Wind
blowing on the fruits brings some
to ripeness while he starts others.
Pear matures on pear in that place,
apple upon apple,
grape cluster on grape cluster, fig
upon fig. . . .
and there two springs distribute
water, one through all the garden
space, and one on the other side jets
out by the courtyard
door and the lofty house, where
townspeople come for their water

and Fitzgerald's

To left and right, outside, he saw
an orchard
closed by a pale - four spacious
acres planted
with trees to bloom or weighted
down for picking:
pear trees, pomegranates, brilliant
apples,
luscious figs and olives ripe and
dark.

Fruit never failed upon these trees:
 winter
 and summer time they bore, for
 through the year
 the breathing Westwind ripened all
 in turn –
 so one pear came to prime and then
 another,
 and so with apples, figs, and the
 vine's fruit. . . .
 and through the garden plots and
 orchard ran
 channels from one clear fountain,
 while another
 gushed through a pipe under the
 courtyard entrance
 to serve the house and all who came
 for water

between Fitzgerald's

Better, I say, to break sod as a farm
 hand
 for some poor country man, on iron
 rations,
 than lord it over all the exhausted
 dead

and Lattimore's

I would rather follow the plow as
 thrall to another
 man, one with no land allotted him,
 and not much to live on,
 than be a king over all the perished
 dead

between Lattimore's

There the dog Argos lay in the dung,
 all covered with dog ticks.
 Now, as he perceived that Odysseus
 had come close to him,
 he wagged his tail, and laid both
 his ears back; only
 he now no longer had the strength
 to move any closer to his mas-
 ter. . . .
 But the doom of dark death now
 closed over the dog, Argos,
 when, after nineteen years had
 gone by, he had seen Odysseus

and Fitzgerald's

Treated as rubbish now, he lay at
 last
 upon a mass of dung before the
 gates –

Abandoned there, and half
 destroyed with flies
 old Argos lay.
 But when he knew he heard
 Odysseus' voice nearby, he did his
 best
 to wag his tail, nose down, with
 flattened ears,
 having no strength to move nearer
 his master. . . .
 but death and darkness in that
 instant closed
 the eyes of Argos, who had seen
 his master,
 Odysseus, after twenty years

Are there significant differences here?
 It looks to me as if now one, now the
 other, of the two poets is momentarily
 the more poetic translator, but that the
 essence of the difference is whether
 we prefer the six-beat line, which
 brings us out closer to Homer in num-
 ber of verses, or the five-beat line,
 more familiar to our ears (though, in
 these degenerate days, I have learned

from experience, said ears do not al-
 ways have the ability to tell six from
 five, and unlike Dryden's readers, or
 Pope's, we have no firm conviction
 as to the proper medium in which to
 render epic.)

His method, Mr. Lattimore says to-
 ward the end of his introduction, fol-
 lows the principles stated and followed
 in his version of *The Iliad*. This brings
 the two poems out, just barely possi-
 bly, more of a piece than they are in
 the original. To see this more clearly,
 we might go, step by step, from the
 archetypes, after *Iliad* reading some
 Aeschylus, next Thucydides, Plato, Vir-
 gil; and, after Odysseus, Euripides,
 Herodotus, Lucian (or Epicurus, if Lu-
 cian seems too frivolous), Ovid. We
 might, so, come out with an exaggerat-
 ed romantic *vs.* classical, or Corinthian
vs. Doric; or we might find that from
 where the two roads diverged, in the
 end "the passing there/ had worn them
 really about the same." In any case,
 it is hard to see what Mr. Lattimore

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could have done about the differences, beyond some theatrical pointing-up; and he is the least theatrically inclined of translators. Moreover, the differences are those of internal matter and substance, not superficial convention; they are for the readers to discover rather than for the translators to belabor.

In other aspects of his introduction, Mr. Lattimore observes the same kind of decorum and reserve. He does not ignore the existence of Homeric controversies and arguments and perplexities; he gives the reader, who wants to devote himself more passionately to such areas, enough to draw him on, whether in biography or geography; but substantially what he gives the reader is the poem itself. Here it is, read it. He analyzes story enough to help us with the narrative, but he does not dwell on his own enthusiasm (if any) for this great scene, this lovely idyll, this tremendous dramatic mo-

ment, this effective comic interlude. I seem to be praising Mr. Lattimore for negative virtues; it is, of course, possible to go too far in this direction, or to stand too still; and the translator whose principal merit is being as unobtrusive as all-get-out, may dominate his original author in a fashion which the latter might not admire either. I hope, in the few passages I have quoted, I have shown the positive virtues also, to their advantage.

In addition to what I have previously noted, the apparatus includes bibliographical material, enumeration of lines corresponding to that of the text (Oxford, T. W. Allen, 2d edition), a glossary, with indicated pronunciation.

A matter for rejoicing, that our day invites poets to translate, students to read, publishers to issue works of this grandeur, sinew, epic quality. And à la bas the Anti-Hero; not one-tenth of a man, in those majestic times, would stoop to pick him up.

The Norman Blood Mystery

by Murray Kempton

The first volume of Lord Norwich's history of the Norman establishment of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies has been received with a respect which is curious when you consider how modestly its noble author has offered his gift and how very modest a gift it turns out to be.

In fairness, Norwich has not chosen a chronicle on which it is easy to set

The Other Conquest
by John Julius Norwich
(Harper & Row; \$6.95)

forth on one's best foot. He ends this part of his history at the coronation of King Roger of Sicily in 1130. The great age of Norman Sicily is all ahead and Monreale and the Palatine Chapel yet unbuilt. Those monuments—Lampedusa's mute and lovely ghosts—which first aroused Norwich's curiosity about the Normans and are most that survives of what is truly interesting about them, lie further ahead on the journey. What we have here is only that dreary succession of treacheries, atrocities and

sudden, unexpected outbursts of common sense which made up the last stage of what Henry Osburn Taylor called "the settling down of Norsemen from freebooters to denizens."

What we know of these blood sports depends on Norman chronicles whose tone does not seem much less vulgar than nor quite so lively as the kicks and curses with which the legend is still tossed about on the puppet stages of Palermo. One cannot envy Lord Norwich his material; yet he does poorly enough with it to discourage any interest in how he will do when he gets to better. What curiosity remains is for the respect he seems able to command as a guide.

But it is a puzzling fact about aristocratic Englishmen that anything one of them does takes on an aura just because one of them does it. Harold Nicolson used to be struck by the way Lord Norwich's mother used to look when she sat on the floor at parties, as against the poor show Lady Sybil Colefax made in the same posture,

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just as though, when Diana Duff Cooper did it, sitting on the floor became an event in the Empire Games.

"Just think," the noble reviewers seem to be saying, "one of us is getting all the way through Leo of Ostia." This business is just that chic, right out to its gay parody of the Bayeux tapestry on the jacket, right from the opening acknowledgements: "I should like in particular to thank . . . the Duchessa Lante Della Rovere for immensely valuable research." How is one to treat the work of a Viscount's son assisted by a Duchessa? Norwich has defined himself as beyond our slings; those not prostrated by reverence ought to be restrained by mercy.

Still the event can be useful for setting us to thinking how history ought to be written with the resources of what thinks itself a scientific age. The 11th century has left us with few resources to be sure: in essence, Norwich is dependent on the same chronicles that Gibbon used. The difference is that Gibbon was much less credulous about those materials than Norwich is. Gibbon, for example, would not offer Malaterra's account of the enemy numbers which confronted the Normans in Sicily without the judgment that "the discomfiture of so many myriads will reduce the prudent reader to the alternative of a miracle or a fable." But Norwich has a good deal more respect for history produced at a Norman patron's command than the notion that this is a scientific age would lead us to expect in a contemporary:

"In view of his semi-official standing," Norwich says of the fabulist Malaterra, "he is presumably fairly trustworthy."

And so, at the first battle of Enna, "we learn from Malaterra that the Saracen army comprised 15,000; it may be an exaggeration, but there is nothing inherently improbable about it." There is the immediate suspicion that, if there were nothing inherently improbable about the odds Count Roger should be described as overcoming, he and Malaterra would have raised them in recollection to odds which were.

But then Lord Norwich's taste is for romance balanced by adulterations of condescension. I do not think this is a difference to be explained just by the

distinction between his equipment and Gibbon's; there are suggestive differences in their ages. An age of science is simply not the same thing as an age of reason. This may be the first century in which educated men are capable of believing any statement which has a source, and in which the argument can be offered as admitting of no contradiction that a "semi-official" status carries with the presumption that a chronicler can be trusted.

Still Lord Norwich does serve to remind us, just by his violations, that certain rules endure for the writing of history.

1) *First, the style, if not grand, should at least be worthy of the actors and their acts.*

Yet, "Scribla was a hell-hole." At the battle of Civitate, "the Normans had shown themselves something more than just another ingredient in the Italian stewpot, a sparring partner for Capuans, Neapolitans or a few half-hearted Byzantine provincials."

Here popes hurl excommunications and anathemas from behind their walls; the Church shows her teeth; the Duke of Apulia is not a sentimental man. "The Prince of Capua, in short, too strong, too slippery and too dangerous. He would have to be dealt with." Robert Guiscard and his brother Roger quarrel. "Was there in fact room in Italy for both of them?" We may as well be reading *The Daily Express* when a princess of the House of Savoy proposes to marry a divorced man.

2) *In centuries where the documents are scanty and dubious, the imagination is an instrument rigorously to be restrained by good taste and soundly to be supported by common sense.*

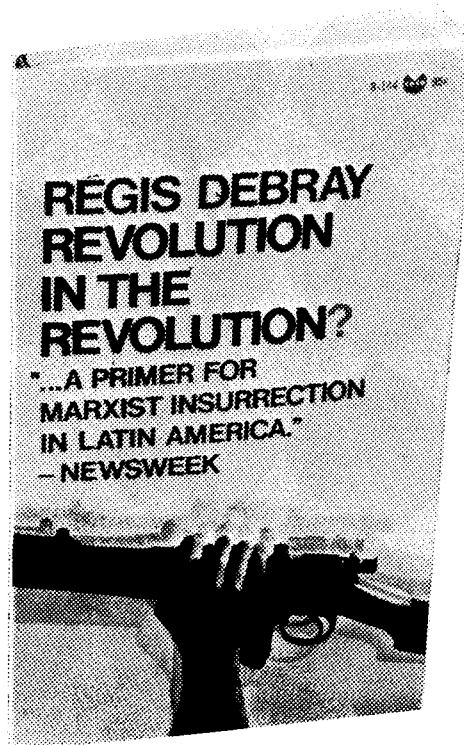
Norwich, instead, continually offends with the audaciously banal. The Normans came to Apulia on pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Michael the Archangel; they were invited by Melus, the Lombard, to remain and assist in the liberation of South Italy from the Greeks. "They found [Melus]," Norwich says, "unprepossessing and his clothes frankly effeminate." One hopes that there is a trustworthy source for this estimate of one of the tragic precursors of Italian provincial patriotism.

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William of Apulia, writing 80 years later, is hardly such a witness; but we commence very soon to understand that Norwich is the sort of historian who needs a great many documents before he grants his respect and none at all before he tenders his condescension.

There is the case of Judith of Evreux, wife of Count Roger. Her husband leaves her behind with the garrison at Troina and, says Norwich, "Malaterra writes approvingly of the way in which she now assumed command of the defences, making regular and nightly rounds of the garrisons to ensure that all the soldiers were awake and on the alert. After nine centuries it would perhaps be unchivalrous to suggest that these tours of inspection were prompted more by nervousness than conscience; but, in view of what happened the last time she was left behind, the poor girl could hardly be blamed for feeling a little uneasy."

Now, want of chivalry is hardly the problem with facetious vulgarity of this sort. An historian does not need to be chivalrous; he has other duties. One is not to read the minds of dead strangers or, at the very least not to make judgments which, little as we have learned about the women of the 11th century, are enough at variance with what we know about those of the 12th and 13th centuries to entitle us to demand some evidence to support a guess so at variance with our image of them. Unsupported whimsy makes for the worst sort of boredom.

3) *As a corollary to the preceding rule, the historian's imagination should avoid before all things the suggestion that his protagonists knew what they were doing.*

Norwich sins against this rule continually. As an instance, when the Normans agreed to Melus' exhortation

to join the war of liberation, he has them gazing "at the wide plain of Apulia lying at their feet."

"Here was the chance they had been waiting for – a rich fertile land which they were being invited, implored almost, to enter, which offered them boundless opportunities for proving their worth and making their fortune. . . . It would be some years before these vague vistas of glory were focused into a clear ambition for conquest; and longer still before this ambition was so dazzlingly fulfilled; meanwhile the important thing was to hack out a firm foothold in the country, and, for this, the battle-cry of Lombard independence would do as well as any other."

To the fallacy that men foresee the consequence of their decisions, Norwich adds the illusion that contemporaries can immediately anticipate historical judgments. Gregory VII, he says, "lacked the obvious saintliness of Leo IX." *Obvious* saintliness? Peter Damian did not recognize that quality in Leo and Peter Damian was a saint too. Norwich, even tells us that, "like Pope John XXIII, in our own time, [Leo IX] did not live to see the culmination of the great work he began." Have any of us lived to define with any probability the cumulative results of a Papal reign which ended only four years ago.

4) *The historian must never forget that his subjects may not be as important in the whole history of their age as he might be tempted to insist they are.*

Within 150 years after the commencement of their history, as Gibbon reminds us, the Normans, "who had raised so many trophies in France, England, and Ireland, in Apulia, Sicily and the East were lost, either in victory or servitude, among the vanquished nations." They commanded the imagination a long while afterward, being an inspiration to snobs and an affront to persons ground down by snobs. Their genius, whether at treachery or at law, remains a source of fascination; but it is hard to believe that they were of overmastering significance historically.

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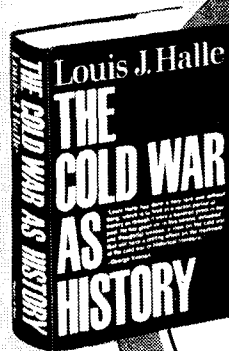
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After all, the Middle Ages belong to the popes. "The Latin Church," as Henry C. Lea says, "is the great fact which dominates the history of modern civilization. All other agencies which molded the destinies of medieval Europe were comparatively isolated or sporadic in their manifestations. . . . Nowhere do we see combined effort, nowhere can we detect a combined pervading impulse, irrespective of locality or circumstance, save in the imposing machinery of the Church establishment. . . . Far above all, the successor of Saint Peter, from his pontifical throne claims the whole of Europe as his empire and dictates terms to kings."

Against this gravitational force, any adventurer's progress was in part dependent upon his deference to the Steward of Christ; the Normans may have been fortunate, like wicked men before and since, in their resistance to the sin of impiety. Their fidelity to the great reforming popes of the 11th century was, to be sure, occasionally interrupted by their habit of treachery; but in truly critical junctures, even the worst of the Normans stood with Rome. The general orthodoxy of these bandits is a mystery about which Norwich is unfortunately incurious; yet it is impossible to believe that they could have played the part they did in their century if their prejudices had not been so Roman.

Norwich seems also insufficiently respectful of the great principalities into which the Normans carved their little corner—Sir Steven Runciman's Byzantium to the East, Sir John Glubb's Arab Empire to the South. Yet these were, after all, civilizations so superior that in Italy the Normans, just as they deferred to Rome in doctrine, yielded so completely to the Greeks in art that Bertaux is able to say that they contributed little more than the cement to most of the monuments of their Sicilian conquest.

That genius for public administration which so long preserved their memory as an isolated wonder to so many historians seems to have been mainly the faculty for imitation. Robert Guiscard cared indeed so little for government as not to have raised his own above that of a garrison in occupation. When his successors settled down, they bor-



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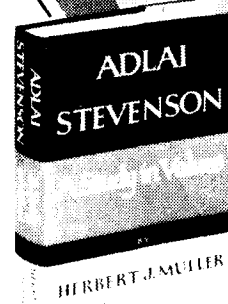
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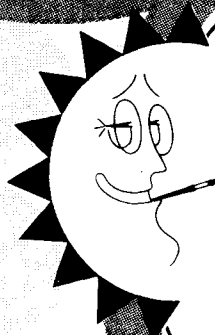


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rowed wholesale from Arab administrative techniques; they left Sicily almost as Arab as they found her; we owe it to them that Shaw could say that Naples was the only African city he knew without a European quarter.

This capacity to appropriate the culture almost as avidly as one steals the real estate is, of course, a kind of genius and one peculiar in their century to the Normans. They made their way because they respected their betters. It seems a pity that the achievements of pirates so surprisingly cosmopolitan should be able to call these days only on the imagination of a historian of so depressing an insularity.

Kauffmann, from page 24

good many people in the '30s got their first scent of the true quality of European politics through Ambler's thrillers. If political urgency, not fame, was his spur, this would help explain why since the war the breathless pace has been breathy, the taut cheek of his style has grown a bit jowly: because the political flavor of the recent books has also seemed diluted.

Dirty Story is the worst Ambler I have read. It is narrated by Arthur Abdel Simpson, (who was in *The Light of Day* filmed as *Topkapi* with Peter Ustinov as Simpson). Simpson's new story is more draggy than dirty, a lot of initial scuttling in Athens and on the high seas, only to prepare for the main action, which doesn't begin until about halfway through the 269 widely spaced pages. The shuffling hero gets involved in a war between two emergent African nations which is really a war between two mining companies. The plot is neither complicated nor exciting and is hastily tied up.

No Ambler book is entirely without its touches of casual worldliness. When a rat scuttles past Simpson and a blonde as they walk through an African town, the woman laughs. Simpson comments to the reader:

"Just the idea of rats terrifies me. How a sexy-looking woman like Barbara Willens could laugh at them I don't know."

But touches like this are rare. Mostly it is humdrum huggermugger, literate but lackadaisical.

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